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"BLUE SKY"



MRS. CASWELL, BOSTON (1875).

"BLUE SKY"

The Life of
HARRIET CASWELL-BROAD

BY

JOSEPH BOURNE CLARK, D. D.,
Author of "*Leavening the Nation*"

And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is *Love*



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By Luther H. Cary

"*Blue Sky*" was one of several names bestowed upon Mrs. Broad by the Indians of Cattaraugus Reservation, as tokens of their confidence and love. It was the one she preferred above all others and often used it as a pen-name in writing for the press concerning her beloved Iroquois.

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"Blue Sky"

(Harriet Caswell-Broad)

I

ANCESTRY—EARLY YEARS—SCHOOL DAYS IN WEST NEWTON

HER life began (May 26, 1834) among the hills of Worcester County, Massachusetts, where her father (Joseph Sylvester Clark) was serving the third year of his first and only pastorate in the rural town of Sturbridge.

By a double lineage she seemed foreordained to some missionary career. On her father's side she was descended from Richard Warren of the *Mayflower*, one of the signers of the immortal "Compact." On the side of her mother (Harriet Bates Bourne) she claimed for an ancestor Richard Bourne, the well-known missionary to the Indians of Marshpee, where he was ordained pastor of the Indian church by John Eliot, in 1670. It was a prophetic ancestry, and whether there be much or little in a name, it is at least a coincidence that both her missionary ancestors were "Richards"—mean-

ing "power to rule." No story of her life would be complete that did not recognize, as one of its chief elements of success, a certain power to rule.

Whatever of missionary instinct she may have inherited from distinguished ancestors made itself known at a very early age and in a singular fashion. On a certain Friday in her fifth year, while her father was preaching the preparatory lecture at the church, whither her mother had accompanied him, the little maid, with her beloved kitten in her arms, escaped from the care of her nurse into the parsonage yard—on rescue bent. Not discovering any suitable subject for a missionary experiment, she promptly reduced her kitten to the required condition by dropping it into the well. Then, climbing the hill to the church and tripping up the aisle to the front of the pulpit, she informed her father that kitty was down in the well, and that he must "come right off and get her out." Happily the service was near its close and the child's Macedonian call secured a quick response. The victim of misdirected zeal was brought up from the well and the little one was made happy.

In this quaint incident, related to the writer by Mrs. Broad on the day but one before her death, one might read a parable of the future.



STURBRIDGE MANSE WHERE HATTIE CLARK WAS BORN.

Here was the crude instinct of rescue which was to become the passion of her life; here, also, the swiftly organized plan of relief and the tactful appeal to her friends to "come right off" and carry it out. Everything was characteristic, the analogy failing only at a single point; never again did she have to supply her own subject for missionary treatment.

Sturbridge was destined to be but an infant memory. In that same year her father listened to the call of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society to become its secretary, an office which he continued to hold during the next twenty years. The home was transplanted to Roxbury, where the child joined an infant class in the Sunday-school of the Eliot church, at a time when John S. C. Abbott was its pastor. But before any attachments were formed the home was removed to Boston, and the family became connected with the Pine Street church under the quickening pastorate of Austin Phelps. With these frequent uprootings of the home, there was little opportunity for the making of those early friendships which often do so much for the character of a young child. Yet one experience of these early years proved so fruitful and far-reaching in its influence as to deserve a more than passing mention.

Greatly to be pitied is any child of the city,

forbidden in childhood to treasure up some life-long memory of the open country and the farm. The subject of this memoir was peculiarly favored in this respect. On the day but one before her death she suddenly exclaimed, her face lighting up with a smile, "Dear old Ponds!" To more than one of us there was nothing cryptic in the words. She was uttering the memory of the dearest and most enriching epoch of her early childhood, a memory that had given color to her life for seventy years, and was now fondly recalled in its closing hours.

Seven miles from Plymouth Rock is a sequestered hamlet, known in these prosaic days as South Plymouth,—but in the year 1840 it bore the charming name of "Manomet Ponds"—shortened always by its loving friends to "Ponds." Shut in on the west by a wide half circle of "Pine Hills," so called, though crowned with oaks, and on the east, shut out from all the world by the shining sea, with only the Gurnet and its sentinel light to break the horizon, here, between hills and sea, was as choice a nook to be born in as could be found on the New England coast, a retreat where the worn city dweller came to be born again, and for all properly constituted children a summer Paradise beyond compare.

To the children of one Boston family the great day of the year had come when the four-horse Plymouth stage drew up at their door and they were lifted into it for an all day ride to the Pilgrim town. There they were met by the open green wagon from Ponds, drawn by old Jack and followed by big tawny Lion, the farm dog of that period, and the last stage of the journey, including the crossing of the Pine Hills, began.

Then, too, began forty-two days of such keen and pure delight as children in this world may ever know. At one spot beyond the top of the hills, old Jack had learned to halt unchecked; for there, through an opening in the trees, "dear old Ponds" burst suddenly into view. Then would follow such a shrieking and chattering of young voices as even a very few children can effect by a well-combined effort. Everything had to be pointed out: the little white church on Meeting House Hill; the humble schoolhouse near by; Rocky Hill Point; the White Horse, which was no horse and no likeness of a horse, but a gigantic rock, standing so high out of the sea that the spring tides seldom wet its top; the scattered houses and barns, every one of them a dear memory to the children, and one house, dearest of all, singled out among all, in its bower of trees,—the Old

Homestead, where their father was born forty years before, where their two uncles and aunts and their adored grandmother were at that moment listening for the sound of their wheels, waiting and watching with a welcome that never grew old. This was "dear old Ponds."

The homestead was a rambling two-story house, built with the strength and on the generous scale of a previous century; more than twenty rooms under one roof, open fireplaces everywhere and a glorious attic for rainy days. And in all the house there was not a child, and had not been one for more than a generation; but there were uncles and aunts who were children grown, the best friends and playfellows that the real children ever knew, and the youngest of all these grown-up children was the mother of them all, whose heart was a perennial spring of life and love and joy. Note, this dear household lived their life in total neglect, because in total ignorance, of every law of modern sanitation, caring nothing for germs of which they knew nothing, breathing deadly gases every day, yet there was never a fever in the house, nor any other ailment requiring more than a single visit of the doctor; their only medicine was "a merry heart." They grew visibly older, it is true, but less from the infirmities of age than by the endless struggle

to pinch a living out of the thin and rocky soil of their farm. Yet it was a "House of Mirth"; also it was a "House of Life" and of long life. Every dweller under this dear roof lived beyond the Scripture allotment of years; more than one of them became octogenarians, and the mother of them all had her life cut short, at ninety-nine years and ten months, by accident. Here is a problem for the health scientist.

But with all the attractions within the house, no day was quite long enough for the outdoor life of these city children. Heaven seemed indeed "to lie about them." To children accustomed to see the sun rise in one street and set in another, that great red disk as it rolled up, "dripping," from the ocean and sank at night into the very heart of the Pine Hills, was a daily miracle. Every hour brought with it some fresh delight; and whether following the haymakers and riding into the barn on the load, or berrying and picnicking in the woods, or fishing in the ponds, or hunting the nests of truant hens in the haymows, or exploring the rocks at low tide for fearsome crabs and lobsters, or giving their valuable assistance in driving home the cows at night, or even bartering a couple of eggs at the country store for a skein of silk; —all things were new, nothing tame. If they

had died in the night and had waked up in heaven, they could not have been happier.

And here it was, in this summer garden of delights, that the little maid, singularly impressionable, imaginative, discovered instincts of which neither she nor her parents had any previous knowledge. If the later friends of Mrs. Broad have wondered, as many of them did wonder, at her intense sympathy with all outdoor life, her passionate love of birds and flowers, of woods and hills, they can wonder no longer. For while such tastes must have grown with her growth and strengthened with her years, they germinated between her fifth and tenth year, and for seventy years, even to her last hour, drew a continuous life from "dear old Ponds."

In 1845, when she was eleven years old, the father built a new home for the growing family in West Newton, nine miles from the city. It is to-day one of the most attractive suburbs of Boston, but in 1845 its beauties were mostly latent or in the first stages of evolution. Moreover it was cruelly handicapped by an unsavory name—"Squash End." Years before, according to tradition, in fixing the town line, the surveyor's chain chanced to cross a crook-neck squash in such a way as to leave the small end

and part of the neck on the Newton side, in the west Newton precinct. Hence the by-name "Squash End," which was still current in 1845. But when the new life of the village began, it fell into disuse, assisted by "old gentleman Ward," one of Newton's patriotic citizens. To an outsider, who used it offensively in his presence, "Sir," said Ward, "it would seem that most of the seeds of that squash settled in the end of it."

By slow degrees, from a rather crude country village West Newton grew into a picturesque suburb, not without the inevitable friction between newcomers and a native element, which preferred all things as they were "in the beginning." One by one new families from the city bought and built and moved in; and among them a select company, destined to influence in a vital manner the unfolding life of a young girl. Alas! those family names are today, for the most part, but tender memories—the Alcotts, the Bosworths, the Burrages, the Newells, the Whitings, the Whittemores; they were simply good neighbors, sincere friends, who lived true lives, and never dreamed that by these commonplace virtues they were enriching the life of a young child at its very springs.

Horace Bushnell's famous sermon on "Unconscious Influence" had not been preached.

Indeed, I doubt if any pulpit of that day made more than a passing mention of the "instinct of imitation in children," by which they absorb a hundredfold more of good or of ill than they ever learn by deliberate teaching. It was the extreme good fortune of this child to live in an atmosphere charged with Christian kindness, helpful love, moral soundness. By a telegraphy as subtle and invisible as the latest miracle of electricity, she caught the unseen messages as they flew and found them indelibly registered upon a sensitive soul. No closest friend of Mrs. Broad has been able to account for her choice of a missionary life. No single incident or experience, so far as known, directed that choice. To her parents it came as a surprise. Perhaps she could not have explained it herself. But, in the "Great Reckoning," when first things become last and least things greatest, among the surprises of that day a few families who sought only to be unselfish, true, kind, mutually helpful, and to create that atmosphere for others, may discover that, all unconsciously, they helped to contribute one singularly useful missionary to the world.

Among the attractions of West Newton, in 1845, were the State Normal School, in charge of Cyrus Pierce, and in the same building, the

"Model School," so called, not because it was a model at that time, though in a fair way to become such under that stern disciplinarian and notable master, Nathaniel T. Allen. The first day of the new master in the Model School was given to observing and being observed, measuring and being measured. Not a rule was laid down, not a misdemeanor corrected or even noticed. But the keen eye of the master had singled out the ringleader of past disorders. About the middle of the next forenoon session he suddenly spoke the boy's name and ordered him forward to the desk. The boy, a husky youth, almost man grown, made no movement to obey. The order was repeated with a slight emphasis. "What for?" came the insolent response. The master walked calmly down to the boy's desk, lifted him from his seat by his collar, brought him to the front, as it seemed to the school, at arm's length, and laid him down on the floor. "Get up," said the master, and he did. "Go to your seat." He went. "Now come forward to the desk." He came; and from that hour the school began to be true to its name.

It was in the Model School, under this model master, that the education of Hattie Clark, as she was then known, began in earnest. The schools of that day were not as carefully graded

as now. All pupils met, studied, and recited in the same room with more or less of confusion. Little home work was required, and the forcing process, familiar in later times, was unknown. In her school life, Hattie Clark is remembered as a faithful and conscientious, rather than a brilliant student. Yet by these very traits she won the entire confidence and approval of her teachers, and in the end attained to a higher rank in her classes than many of her more brilliant schoolmates. It was her nature, in all she undertook, to be thorough. One has said of her, "She could not do anything otherwise than well," and the habit followed her through life.

What led her, on leaving the Model School, to prepare herself for the teaching profession, is unknown. It may have been only that the State Normal School, within a few minutes' walk of her home, offered a convenient opportunity for the higher education which she craved. Colleges for girls there were none. Besides, she loved children with a passion and possessed other marked qualities for success as a teacher. Entering the Normal School in her sixteenth year, for the next three years there is no reason to doubt that she had devoted her life to the profession of a public-school teacher. Had she stepped at once after graduating to

the teacher's desk in some Massachusetts town, she would have taken with her certain qualifications which would have made for success; among them, a "mathematical sense," which is more than a mere acquaintance with the rules, a good knowledge of pedagogy as taught in 1850, uncommon powers of organization and administration,—and one supreme gift, so potential in her later life as to deserve careful mention. We have small doubt that it will be recognized by her most intimate friends as the key to all that was most remarkable in her subsequent career.

Who has ever defined that singular gift of personality which, for lack of definition, we call "magnetism"; that subtle, silent force whose spell we feel at times, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth? Whatever its source or its law, by common consent of her friends, Mrs. Broad was endowed with a large measure of this peculiar power. It revealed itself first in her school days, when, without conscious effort, she drew to herself friends, whose passionate attachment and adoring devotion surprised herself. One of these friends has written: "Her only charm was her goodness, sincerity, sympathy." We must grant the charm but may doubt the "only." For many are as good, sincere, and sympathetic,

yet without the least of that nameless spell that held us captive. Another has said, "She had a genius for friendship." It was true, and "genius" is the word, for genius often achieves without effort. It may almost be said that she never consciously sought to make a friend. Friends flocked to her, drawn by some irresistible attraction: and, for the most part, such friendships were not of the gushing, schoolgirl fashion. The spell once felt endured to life's end. One friend, whose attachment began in 1861 and continued unbroken to the last, writes: "She was the most wonderful woman I have ever known. I realize more and more the marvel of her personality."

Let the word stand: *Personality.* It was no attainment of education but a gift of God. By it she won her greatest victories. In many a crisis the sheer force of her personality carried her through. By it she could direct without dictating; she dominated without domineering. Instinctively she knew how to say the right word at the right time, and she had that rarer knowledge, how to keep the right silence; and all this with an ease which to be genuine must be unconscious. "Her matchless tact," writes one; "her indomitable will," another; "her persistence," "her power of initiative," say many;—all true, but not all the truth. Apart

from everything incidental—her tact, her will, her strategy—was that indefinable aura of personality which her friends acknowledged, which the cowboys of Wyoming and the pagans of Newtown felt, but could not explain, and before which an audience bowed and obeyed.

One other gift, revealing itself during her school life, was a voice of remarkable sweetness and uncommon power. This, too, was a natural endowment, never bettered or marred by a single hour of special study or vocal training. Of music as an art she knew little, but with music as the "tongue of the soul" she was instinctively familiar. It would be impossible to overstate the value of this gift as she employed it in her missionary work, especially among her pagan, music-loving Senecas. When every avenue to their hearts seemed hopelessly barred, she had only to open her lips and sing, when soul answered to soul, and the barriers went down.

To the writer it has seemed important, at this stage of the narrative, to specialize these two gifts; partly because they were developed during her school years, though in no proper sense the product of education; and chiefly because, as she now stands facing the wide field of her lifelong service, they constituted the

major equipment for whatever success she was permitted to achieve—*a rare personality, as sweet as it was strong and compelling, combined with the measureless power of song.*

II

TEACHER AND GENERAL MISSIONARY AMONG THE IROQUOIS

"HARRIET S. CLARK joined the Congregational Church in West Newton, on confession, November 3, 1851, under the ministry of Dr. Lyman Gilbert." So runs the record furnished by the present pastor of that church. She was graduated from the Normal School in the class of 1853: another record, correct but not fully enlightening. Two months later, accompanied by her father, she left home for the Cattaraugus Reservation of Seneca Indians in Western New York; three bald statements of fact. Between the lines some things may be read; others may be imagined; but little, very little, is positively known.

That she was born to be a missionary cannot, in the light of events, admit of doubt. That she was singularly qualified by nature to win the confidence of the impassive Indian is proved beyond question, and might have been safely predicted. Yet neither in her own letters between 1851 and 1853 nor in the

testimony of living friends, so far as known, can a reliable trace be found of any single event or experience which determined her choice of a missionary life, or that directed her thought towards the Seneca Indians in preference to any other field of service.

Consider that between November, 1851, and September, 1853, she passed through three determining crises of a young girl's life; her public confession of religion; the end of her school days; the choice of her life-work, even the very spot where it was to begin. Such eras are supposed to bring with them visions and resolves. Whatever of these came to her are unrevealed; she kept no diary.

Possibly her father or mother, if living, might lift the veil. Her only brother was at this period away from home fitting for college; her only sister was then a child of eight years. In her own book, "Life Among the Iroquois," page 83, she touches the matter, but so lightly as to aggravate rather than satisfy our desire to know: "Mr. Wright and Father Gleason were college classmates of my father, and *thus it came to pass* that, while yet in my teens, the call came to join these devoted workers on the Cattaraugus Reservation."

How did that call come to pass? How was it welcomed? What struggles, if any, marked

the great decision? These are things we long to know; yet the very field of inquiry opened by the above extract is narrowed by an error. Mr. Wright and Father Gleason were never classmates of her father at Amherst. Mr. Wright was his classmate at Andover Seminary, where both graduated in 1831. They remained friends through life. But, in the West Newton home, there was no memory of a visit from him at any time, and no knowledge of any correspondence between the two concerning the daughter.

But there is this: In a souvenir album, containing farewell letters from her schoolmates in 1853, and on one of its opening pages, she has inscribed, in her own clear hand, a full copy of *The Missionary Call*, opening with these lines:

"My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows or pluck earthly flowers."

The whole poem was transcribed a few days before graduation, and in the absence of all other testimony, I shall accept, and ask my readers to accept the lines as her *credo*, her surrender and consecration to a missionary life.

How that "Call" came to her we may not know. Perhaps, as his call came to Samuel in the Temple. Perhaps, in voices of the night, as her call came to the Maid of France. However it came, the answer was clear, and, for nearly sixty years, was never recalled or compromised: "*Here am I. Speak Lord. Thy servant heareth.*"

The story of her life and labors among the Iroquois is partially told in her book.[1] I say "partially," for, as every reader will discover and regret, the major part of the book deals with what others achieved rather than with her own successes. Had some other hand held the pen, we might know more than we now do of the matchless influence she gained over both Christian and pagan Indians. Her reticence is characteristic. She often spoke of those years, in public and in private, but seldom in the first person. She had, what another has aptly called, "temperamental reserve." Also her ideal of missionary service was an exalted one, and an ideal always beyond reach, while it spurs to high endeavor, leaves no room for personal pride or self-gratulation. "The soul that is content ceases to grow," and one secret of Mrs.

[1] "Our Life Among the Iroquois Indians." Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society. Boston and Chicago. 1892.

Broad's growing success has always been her habit of "forgetting the things that are behind."

Her first two years of service at Cattaraugus were in the capacity of a teacher, her post a humble schoolhouse deep in the woods, not far from the shore of Lake Erie. She was on the very borders of the Reservation, far removed from her white associates. The "Upper Station," so called, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wright, was ten miles away. The church and the "Lower Station," where Father Gleason, the pastor, and his family, lived and where she always spent her Sundays, were seven miles removed.

While holding from the American Board the commission of teacher, she was not one either to forget or disown the higher commission given at Bethany. Always and everywhere she was the missionary, burning with the passion of rescue, whether from the blindness of ignorance or the bondage of sin. In every dusky face before her she saw the image of her Master, suffering and in need of help. Her pupils were of all sizes, from babes of the kindergarten age to married men and women,—a problem in education which might well tax, as it did tax, every resource she possessed of knowledge, patience, and tact. Nor was her work confined to the schoolroom or bounded by school hours. At

all hours the problem was ever present. She was "Teacher," come from far with strange power to help. Half the men and women she met were in need of that help and never slow to ask it. She never shirked the demand.

On one occasion, Teacher was called out of school, in the midst of a session, by three men, to settle a question that threatened to become an angry dispute. She must go with them into the woods to clear up the difficulty. They had felled a tall tree which was the common property of two of them. How to divide it equitably they did not know and could not agree. "But Teacher would know." Teacher was not sure that she did know, but to confess ignorance would be fatal to her influence. She followed them to the spot, with mind divided between a prayer for guidance and a hurried review of the rules of mensuration, as taught in the Normal School. But when she saw the long log, tapering in diameter from three feet at one end to a few inches at the other, rules of mensuration went to the winds. What did these simple men know or could know of applied geometry? Only some demonstration clear to the eye could possibly convince them, and appealing from her Normal training to her native sense, the inspiration came on which she acted.

"Hitch your teams to the log," she commanded. "Draw it slowly over this other log until I call to stop. Now, slowly, steady, a little farther. Hold! Take off your horses." There lay the log perfectly balanced. "Cut here," she said, laying her hand on the right spot. For a moment they were dazed, then they saw and believed. They had taken their first lesson in the law of equilibrium though they had never heard the word. But this they knew, and nothing could thenceforth shake their faith, that "Teacher knew everything." It was a reputation not easy to maintain and must have broken down more than once. But her sympathy, her love, her good will to help, were too transparent to be doubted, and, as time went on, these won for her a degree of trust and influence which few previous teachers had ever obtained.

In one of her chapters, Mrs. Broad describes her first visit to the Indian church on the Sabbath. So strange is the story, in contrast to the usual conditions of Christian worship, that a few Eastern readers questioned whether the imagination of the young missionary were not unduly excited by her novel surroundings.

Two years later the present writer was privileged to sit in the same sanctuary and to witness all that Mrs. Broad describes,—with

additions. Again, Father Gleason was in the pulpit, with one hand pulling the rope that tolled the church bell, with the other turning the leaves of the Bible for the Scripture lesson. Again, the people filed in, men to the left, women to the right, and over the shoulder of many of the women a black-eyed baby peering out from the folds of the tightly drawn blanket. Here, too, followed the dogs, and there behind the pastor on the wall hung the cane that was to keep them in order if needed.

I have said "with additions." One addition that morning was a stray pig which wandered in during the service and speedily came into contact with one of the dogs. Both were driven out by the pastor's cane without the slightest offer of assistance from his stolid congregation. There was yet another addition on this particular Sabbath, not set down in the regular order of worship. On the previous day, the writer had been taken to the home of Ruth Stevenson, stepdaughter of Red Jacket, to taste of her famous corn bread. Unfortunately she had none freshly boiled. But she would not forget. The visiting brother should have a taste. It came unexpectedly Sunday morning. While the people were assembling, a woman appeared at the men's entrance, a sight so rare that even the phlegmatic Indians showed

symptoms of taking notice. The woman was Ruth. Standing a moment to take an observation, she discovered the visiting student at the end of a long seat, where only a partition separated him from the white teachers on the women's side. Then, advancing with a radiant smile, every eye following her movements, she lifted her blanket and dropped a loaf, as large as a good sized cheese, and *steaming hot*, into his lap. The emotions of the visitor were various and painful, though heroically concealed, and with rather better success than those of the teachers, who took charge of this novel Sabbath offering. Father Gleason's sermon that morning was one to remember, based upon the story of the lame man who was strengthened by a miracle in his ankle bones. The preacher's final application was pointedly addressed to late comers who were straggling in during the entire service. "And I would," said he, "that the Spirit might catch some of my hearers in their ankle bones and strengthen them sufficiently to get them to church before the benediction." Altogether, it was an exciting service.

These crude conditions of the early fifties are passed away. To-day, the barn-like meeting house is replaced by one of the neatest church edifices in the country, built entirely by In-

dians. Without are dogs and all four-footed beasts; within, as orderly and reverent a company of worshipers as can be seen in any sanctuary of the land. Thus have labors of love and patience of hope seen their reward.

At the end of two years, Teacher's father and mother came on a visit to their daughter,—and were shocked. From her cheerful letters they had gained no conception of the loneliness, the dreariness, and, as it seemed to them, the actual peril of her surroundings. They found her living in the home of an educated Seneca chief who had married an estimable white wife. The children were of mixed blood. The Indian grandmother who made her home with the family was hostile to the white wife. Conditions were peculiar and not favorable for domestic peace. The house was old and so loosely built that comfort, especially in winter, was out of the question; the schoolhouse was in the woods, removed from human habitations. Such drawbacks and discomforts were easily endured by the young enthusiast, in the joy of her work; but to her parents, especially to her mother, they were appalling. "I shall never sleep another night," she declared, "thinking of the life you are leading here."

The result of this visit was a severe blow to the daughter. She yielded, with tears, to the

demand of her parents, and returned with them to West Newton, unhappy, and, let it be confessed, rebellious. To her, thus unreconciled, came, one day, a very dear friend,[1] who thus writes of that helpful visit: "I found her in a very unhappy state of mind. She felt that her parents were not doing right to keep her from her Indians. I felt that they were very wise in their course, and I plainly told her that she was in a rebellious state of feeling and that she ought, more humbly and prayerfully, to seek to know God's will, and to lay down all leaning to her own desires. She always felt that this was an important crisis in her religious life and has always associated it with that visit."

How long she might have remained content, separated from her work, is a question which was happily solved by Mrs. Wright, who loved her and needed her help. "If you will trust your daughter to my care," she wrote the mother, "she shall become a member of my family and live under the shelter of the Mission House."

Under these new and happier conditions, Teacher came back to her Indians as a "general missionary," with the whole Reservation as her field; and thus began that beautiful partner-

[1] Miss Sarah B. Hooker, now Mrs. Sarah B. Capron.

ship of love and service between Mrs. Wright, the veteran, and Hattie Clark, the novice, which was to strengthen for twelve succeeding years and to bear notable fruits.

It was soon after her return that the Thomas Asylum for destitute Indian children was built near the Upper Station. Philip Thomas, a wealthy Friend of Baltimore, was its founder, and through the solicitations of Mr. Wright, and by his repeated visits to Albany, the State Legislature were led to see its need and to make more than one appropriation towards its support. How appalling that need was can only be appreciated by reading Mrs. Broad's eleventh chapter. It was not long before the hundred empty cots, which was the entire capacity of the Asylum, were filled. The tale of that ingathering is one of the most piteous chapters in the long story of the sorrows of childhood. Little ones, left by the wayside to starve, sick babies, dying of neglect in their pagan homes, one little one rescued at the last minute from the river, where a cruel grandmother was holding it under to drown, another snatched from the rails where it was abandoned to a violent death,—these are only samples. Sometimes pagan mothers would bring their little ones to the door, only too glad to leave them; at other times, the children would find

their own way to this house of refuge. All were taken in to be fed, clothed, and, above all else, to be mothered.

Never, probably, in the history of any similar institution, was a need more piteous, or the ministry of rescue more richly rewarding. The gratitude of these deserted waifs was touching in the extreme and strangely enlightening. All the best instincts of childhood seemed to have survived, untainted by their pagan birth and unhappy environment. The astonishing ease with which they absorbed the simplest religious teaching, their childlike faith, their touching prayers, their sweet love of the Saviour, and their patient effort to please him in their daily conduct, were a revelation and a rebuke to the missionaries themselves. To love Jesus and to serve him was the whole length of their creed, and he who once declared, "except ye become as one of these," seemed to have taken up his abode under their roof.

Is it any wonder, in daily contact with this enlightening experience, that Mrs. Wright and her helper began to ask themselves and each other if the parents of such children could be thoroughly bad and beyond hope? "A little child shall lead them," and it was the little children, rescued by their own hands from the abominations of paganism, that led these two

heroic women to resolve, with a new-born faith and hope, to invade the strongholds of their parents.

Let it be remembered that the Reservation was divided into two camps: the Christian camp with its church, its missionaries, its well-tilled farms, its neat dwellings, its Christian homes and growing civilization; on the other hand, the pagan strongholds of Newtown Hill and the Plank Road, where about one-third of the nation held to the religion of their ancestors, with its wild dances, its grotesque superstitions, and, often, its unspeakable degradation. Between the two camps there was little intercourse. The people of the one loved and followed the "Jesus way"; the other hated and feared that way. On the one side, temperance, education, and religion with all its uplifting agencies; on the other side, whiskey, ignorance, cruelty and pauperism. But on this side, also, as these women could never forget, were the fathers and mothers of children, whose trusting hearts, when warmed with unselfish love, they had seen turning towards Jesus Christ as naturally as flowers face the sun. Could the parents of such children be hopelessly degraded?

The experiment, now resolved upon, was not without its perils. Rebuffs they expected and were prepared to face. Their equipment was

simple, but its simplicity was its strength: trust in God, heavenly pity, mother-wit, which both of them had richly inherited, and a mysterious box in the back of their wagon, concealing nothing more dangerous than a little melodion, furnished for this campaign by the West Newton Sunday-school. As Mr. Wright saw them drive away, he was reminded of David, a ruddy youth, with his sling and five smooth stones, going forth against the raging Goliath of an elder paganism.

The story we are entering upon covers many pages of Mrs. Broad's book and is more than ten years long. It should be studied by every Christian worker subject to fainting-fits. The writer must be content with sketching one or two of the opening battles which are enough to reveal the strategy of the entire campaign.

It was on one Sabbath afternoon that Mrs. Wright and her helper started from the Mission House for Newtown. In the back of the open mission wagon was the mysterious box, looking not unlike the Ark of the Covenant, and as it proved with something of that ark's hidden power. After driving three miles over almost impassable roads, they ascended the long steep hill towards the pagan settlement. Here they were met by men who recognized them as missionaries.

"You cannot come here," said one. "We want to hear nothing of your Jesus way."

As they turned their horse to go down the hill the box in the back of the wagon came into view. The women had shrewdly counted, and not in vain, upon the proverbial curiosity of the race.

"What is in that box?" said the man.

"It is a very wonderful box," they replied.

"Open it," said the men. "Let us look."

"We will, if you will let us pass and go to the dance house."

"But we cannot let you do that."

"Then we must go home."

"But you will open the box first."

"No, we cannot open the box here; only at the dance house."

"Wait," said one, and ran off to consult the chiefs. After a long discussion the leaders decided to admit them, but "with the box."

In front of the dance house the box was set down upon the ground. A stool had been brought from the Mission. The young missionary seated herself and struck a few chords. These pagans had never before heard a sweet sustained note of music. They knew the tom-tom and the turtle rattle but this strain of sound prolonged was new to them, and when the women began to sing a Gospel hymn in the

Indian tongue, to the accompaniment of the little box, their wonder knew no bounds. "Ah-soh! Ah-soh!" they cried. ("Another! Another!") "It speaks! Let it speak again!" But the missionaries were too wise to glut their curiosity in one visit. The box was soon loaded into the wagon and they were ready to start for home. One may imagine how they lingered a little, longing to hear one word, and to their joy it was spoken: "Will you come again and bring the box?" "Yes, yes, we will come again next Sunday."

"The next Sabbath," says the narrative, "we went again and for many Sabbaths, receiving always a warm welcome, always singing our simple hymns and the box retained its charm. Had we so much as named the 'Jesus way' we should have been driven off. We were only too happy to sing the glad tidings."

The Missionary Board had built a schoolhouse near the settlement with the hope that the people would allow their children to attend school; but thus far its existence had been wholly ignored. One Sunday, after singing several hymns, they said, "Next time we shall go to the schoolhouse over there in the woods." The men were very indignant and forbade them to go there, because they could not follow. But the women replied, "We shall go there with the

wonderful box. You can do as you please about following us."

It was a test not without its hazard, and the women awaited the result with anxiety. When the people saw them approaching the next Sabbath and ran out to meet them as usual, they kept on their way towards the schoolhouse. Shouts followed them to stop, but they shook their heads and passed on. This was more than the people could bear; they followed in crowds and packed the building, many standing outside and peering in through the low windows. After singing a few hymns, Mrs. Wright said to her helper, "The time has come to hold a meeting. I will open it with prayer."

"You do not know what will happen?"

"No, but God will take care of us."

She knelt for prayer. When the people saw a woman kneeling, for a moment there was a profound hush, and then a stampede for the door. Those who could not get to the door leaped through the windows, and when she rose from her knees the two were alone and no Indian in sight. "*I put my fingers on the keys*, and as the sounds floated out, the people rushed back and filled the house." It was a moving audience they had for several Sabbaths. "If we did anything but sing they left us, but the wonderful little box brought them back again."

At last one Sunday Mrs. Wright asked: "Would you like to hear the story of how the world was made?" "Yes, yes," they shouted, and she told them the Bible story of the Genesis. This led to some discussion, for they had their own traditions of the "beginning." But the next Sunday it was the Indians themselves who pleaded for a story. Mrs. Wright chose the story of Christ, wisely suppressing the name. As she gave it, it was the legend of a beautiful babe born in the Orient, of a wicked king, of the music-loving shepherds, of the wise men and the wonderful star, of a beautiful life of loving service and the cruel death of the cross. Her hearers were exceedingly angry with the Jews, but when she finally told them that it was the story of Jesus and his way to which they had listened, they were even more angry with the women than they had been with the Jews. "You shall never come here again," said the leaders. "If you do, we will throw you from the cliffs." But the young men replied: "You shall not harm them; we will protect them." All night, until two o'clock Monday morning, the war of threatening words continued, while the women listened but said nothing. When, at last, they were allowed to start for home, twelve young men, in paint and feathers and with lighted torches, ranged themselves around

the wagon and accompanied them to the very door of the Mission House, singing the hymns they had now learned. From this time on these same youth acted as a body-guard after every evening service.

The next victory was a Christmas festival; yes, a Christmas tree—two of them in fact—one at each end of the long dance-hall and both of them loaded with presents contributed by Boston friends. A dinner was also served by the help of these same friends. The leaders had announced that they would hold aloof, but the dinner and the presents were too much for them. They appeared in force and were in good time for the spoils. The little melodion which had opened the door of this great opportunity held the place of honor in the middle of the floor, gayly decorated by the young people with hemlock boughs and scarlet berries. And so was won the battle of Newtown Hill. The leaders still declined to enter the "Jesus way," but their opposition was greatly modified and the young people were the declared friends of the missionaries. Completer victory was to come later, but the outer walls of paganism had been breached.

Similar scenes with the same results followed the visits of the women to the Plank Road. Meanwhile, their missionary equipment had

been considerably enlarged. The wonderful box was still to the front, but a "missionary bag" had been added, whose strange contents tell the tale of their varied experience: "Straps, bits of rope, twine, hammer and nails, a gimlet, a buggy wrench, bread, chalk, medicine, a teaspoon, Indian testaments, matches and candles, lint and bandages, adhesive plaster, bright picture papers, a tin horn for a church bell, cookies and sugar-plums to keep the babies quiet while they talked to the mothers, etc."

If none of these articles are named in the marching orders of the Master to his early disciples they were not forbidden, and their use would have met with his approval. Among them was no prohibited silver or gold, no staff, no second coat or shoes; but there was everything needed to win a pagan heart, whether by mending his broken harness or reducing his fever, whether for binding up a cut finger or feeding a starving child, whether by pleasing an Indian eye with a colored picture or soothing a baby's cry with a sugar-plum. These women were "fishers of men" and knew the game; no bait was too insignificant for their use. And when the net was drawn, what of the catch? Not everything hoped for, but walls of prejudice were broken down; industrial training was saving young men and girls

from idleness and vice; the "Jesus way" was made clear and attractive; young people were converted and brought into the church. Among the chiefs and leaders, pagan rites and dances survived. But when sickness or accident came to their cabins and with them a craving for sympathy and service, they knew where to come for it and never appealed in vain.

It should be noted that, after a little, the chief burden fell to the general missionary. Mrs. Wright was the head of a busy home where the people came, night and day, for help and counsel. To them she was a second mother and while her interest in the pagan effort never waned, the work of carrying it on gradually passed to the assistant: and to the willing assistant it was, beyond question, the happiest and most arduous as well as the most rewarding service of her life. It called forth every natural gift she possessed, her tact, her initiative, her will-power, her patience, courage and mother-wit, and, above all, that rare personality which revealed itself, never more winsomely than when, seated at the magic box, she poured out her soul in sacred song. Nothing ever moved her pagan friends like this. Her voice, tender with pity in every tone, went straight to their savage hearts. Love, loyalty, trust and devotion, and these with an endur-

ance peculiar to the Indian nature, sprang up, never to die. Great were the victories of Love and Song!

Once during these busy years she parted from her work for a tour in New England with a company of young Indian singers. State appropriations to the Asylum had failed and funds were needed for the work. With her usual energy she laid out and led this campaign of song. It was something of an experiment. The people of the East had been given a taste of negro melody by the Fisk Jubilee troupe, had admired and generously responded. How would the Indian be received? Between the music of the two races there was a difference not easy to define. The African melody had a larger quality of pathos; the Indian was bolder and more martial. Both were singularly effective.

It was the privilege of the writer to make many appointments for this company and to listen now and then to their concerts. Their first notes seemed to captivate every audience. The harmony was perfect, the delivery spirited. The bass singer, Cusack, possessed a voice of singular power and range. He could rock "in the cradle of the deep" deeper than it seemed possible for human voice to go. Three of the singers had been Teacher's pupils in her first

school near the Lake. Honnondeuh, the chief, with whom she had boarded, accompanied the troupe and frequently introduced them in an English speech. He was a trained lawyer, and a natural orator, with unusual command of florid English. Occasionally, by request, he made a brief talk in his native tongue, with all the effect of eloquence, though not a word was understood by his hearers. It is more than suspected that, once at least, he took advantage of this privilege to berate the white oppressors of his race. The scared faces of the singers betrayed the secret, though neither he nor they ever confessed. He had a ready wit. In the course of a concert given in the Barnstable Court House he alluded to the gilded fish, suspended from the ceiling, as "that emblem of Justice." The leader of the Barnstable bar, in responding, undertook to correct his error, and to inform him that the gilded fish was only the emblem of a Cape industry. Instantly Honnondeuh was on his feet and replied, "Yet it seems to carry the scales." The laugh was on the lawyer, who always maintained that the chief's apparent error had been only a trick of the wily Indian to bring down the house; which may very well have been true. Any advantage over a white man was always dear to the chief.

The missionary leader of the company, before

leaving home, had bound the singers and the chief by a solemn pledge, which they had all signed, to obey her in all things while on the road. It was a fortunate precaution needing, at times, to be severely enforced. By its help, and with the exercise of eternal vigilance on her part, the musical campaign was brought to a safe and successful conclusion, with substantial benefit to the Asylum funds. But few outside of her own family knew of the anxiety and weariness of those weeks.

III

MARRIAGE—AT HOME IN BOSTON—FIGHTING FIRE WITH LOVE

ON Monday, October 11, 1869, Hattie Clark, as she was still affectionately known, was married to Mr. Lemuel E. Caswell, of Boston, in the Cattaraugus Indian church.

Of Mr. Caswell it will be our privilege to speak later and more at length. For the present, it will commend him to the reader to be told that, when the desire of the nation and her own wish for an Indian wedding were submitted to him, it was his pleasure not only to gratify the desire of his bride to be, but with almost boyish delight he anticipated, on his own account, so novel an experience. The hour of the wedding was six o'clock in the evening. The West Newton family was represented by only one of its members; the father had passed away and the mother was physically unable to be present. But several very dear Eastern friends were there as guests. All preparations at the church were in the hands of thirty young braves who, from boyhood, had

known no other Bible teacher than their beloved missionary. The taste and skill of their decorations were a surprise to the visitors, who were familiar with the best city art on similar occasions. The old meeting house forgot its plainness under festoons and wreaths of green, starred brilliantly with scarlet berries and autumn leaves from the forest. The wedding bower was a thing of special beauty, and the young men had not forgotten to inscribe over it, in delicate hemlock tracery, a prayer for the friend they loved:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee.
The Lord cause His face to shine upon thee
And give thee Peace."

Mrs. Broad entitles her sixteenth chapter, "A Wedding like White People." To only a limited extent was this true. The gathering itself was distinctively Indian, with here and there a paleface. Christian and pagan touched shoulders side by side. There were women in blankets who, by special request of the bride, had brought their babies; boys and girls, whose black eyes snapped with excitement which Indian reserve could not conceal; a few chiefs, feathered and painted; other Seneca leaders in correct Christian dress. That audience was an object lesson in Christian missions. Something

more than curiosity had brought them together, and that something shone on every face. If it be true that the Indian never forgives an enemy, it is equally true that he never forgets a friend. The bride of the hour, looking over that crowded church, could not anywhere find a face that was not the face of a friend. Every Christian home and every pagan hut represented had seen her under its roof and had felt the charm of her loving presence. Many a man and woman before her had looked into the pity of her eye in sickness or in sorrow, had been melted by the magic of her voice. Fifteen years of unstinted love had enthroned her in their hearts, and if she could have spoken, she might have exclaimed, with her favorite apostle, "Ye are my crown of rejoicing, my hope and my joy."

The English service by the brother of the bride was soon over; then began the real Indian wedding conducted by Mr. Wright. The bridegroom never knew, unless enlightened by his wife, to what he bound himself in that strange ceremony. Yet with the courtesy of a gentleman and Christian, he listened with careful attention to the liquid words, no one of which he understood, and bowed his assent whenever he caught the eye of the minister.

This service over, followed one of those sur-

prises which the Indian loves to spring upon his white brother. It is the instinct of the ambush. No one anticipated what was coming when dignified Mr. Two-Guns, followed by Mrs. Two-Guns with a little Two-Guns in her arms, walked slowly up the aisle. "We wish," said he, "to have this child baptized by the brother of the bride and named after the husband of our departing friend." The rite was duly administered and "Lemuel Caswell Two-Guns" was launched upon the world with a name which was the envy of every other baby's mother in the house.

After this, lines were formed and every person present came forward with congratulations, mingled often with silent tears, sometimes with broken sobs and again with forced laughter that failed to hide the sorrowful parting. The bridegroom, having incautiously ventured to kiss one of the babies, his namesake, was duly presented with every other baby in the procession for a similar honor. And so, with mingled tears and smiles, the church service came to an end; but not the celebration.

From the church, the bridal party, with two hundred invited guests, adjourned to the Asylum, where supper was served, followed by what might be described as a Christian Indian Powwow. Upon her first coming to the Res-

ervation, Teacher had been adopted into the Deer Clan and given the name of Blue Sky. One of the laws of the clan forbids its members to marry outside of their own clan, under penalty of eternal exclusion from the Happy Home beyond the Setting Sun. Here had been a bold defiance of tradition which could be remedied only by the adoption of the daring groom into the same clan with his wife. Two lines were formed. A Sachem took Mr. Caswell by the arm and marched him up and down between the lines while the men clapped their hands, shouting, "Yip, Yip, Yip," and sang the war song. It was noticed that the bridegroom, carried away by the excitement, joined heartily in the shouts and the song. He was then named "Sa-go-ye-hi," after Red Jacket, and thus Red Jacket and Blue Sky were duly qualified for reunion beyond the Setting Sun.

One incident at the church, which might have ended in a tragedy, was known to very few persons at the time, and we believe has never before been published. A certain pagan Indian had got it into his rum-clouded brain that a paleface, from New England, was invading the Reservation to capture and carry away a beloved friend of his people, and that to him was assigned the duty of rescue and defense. Concealing a pistol under his blanket he went to

the church to carry out his purpose. Most fortunately his entrance was observed and his design suspected by two Seneca leaders. Quietly they advanced and closed upon him, secured the weapon, and without noticeable disturbance, led him away. It would have been a terrible and most singular tragedy had the bridegroom, in that happy hour, met his death at the hand of one of his bride's deluded friends.

In the closing days of 1869 the Caswells were established in Boston. To the wife it was a home-coming. Almost within sight of their windows was the Franklin School, where her public school life began in 1842. Just around the corner was the home on Dover Street, from which the family had migrated to West Newton, in 1845. Boston was always her beloved among cities. She delighted in its sinuous streets; its east winds were a tonic; Park Street church was her Mecca, and Boston Common incomparable for beauty.

Once, to a friend, she said, "I love luxury," and it was true. It was one of the varieties rather than contradictions of her nature. For just as truly she loved the plainness and privations of a missionary life; the getting up at two o'clock of a winter morning, in some cheer-

less Western hotel, to catch the only train in twenty-four hours that would bring her to a missionary appointment—this too, strange as it may sound, she loved. Her Boston home was one of comparative elegance. Her husband was a man of plain habits, and one luxury. He was of the firm of Abram French & Co., a large china and glassware house on Franklin Street. Although advanced to the dignity of a partner he delighted in the rôle of salesman. To sell a bill of goods was with him a fine art. His methods were simple and honest; a boundless kindness and good nature in dealing with customers; an almost inspired knowledge of their tastes and needs, and downright honesty in every business dealing. Such treatment made friends as well as customers. He was no millionaire to found a hospital or to endow a college. In any case that was not his way. I have said he had one luxury. It was to make other people happy, and the sweetness of this luxury to him was to do it "on the sly." Many a country minister on a small salary, many a returned missionary bearing in his body the marks of service, many a poor widow or unfortunate business friend, have wondered from what mysterious source a generous bank note came to them in time of need. They were never enlightened by him; that would have

spoiled his pleasure. Probably his was a costly luxury, how costly, no one knew, not even himself; but whatever it cost, the dividends of love and good will, from all who knew him and his ways, were rich and rewarding.

The first insistent demand of her husband and friends, upon settling in Boston, was that she should take a long rest. Seventeen years of continuous stress and strain had not visibly affected her health; but when the tension was suddenly relaxed she discovered that she was tired. Several months followed of quiet and ease, of friendships renewed which had suffered decline in her long exile from civilization, of some reading and study, of social pleasures, of concerts and lectures, and the continuous enjoyment of that restful luxury and freedom from care which she loved; but a year of such life was enough. When her remarkable powers of recuperation, inherited from her paternal grandmother, had done their work all her missionary instincts awoke with their old time vigor. Her "soul was not at rest."

Boston, in 1870, had two "Ends"; North End and South End. Beautiful West End, the present site of ornate churches and wealthy homes, was beginning to be known as such, although much of it was yet under the waters of the Back Bay. The North End gloried in

its Revolutionary history and was for years the home of many of Boston's best families. But its glory was departing, and already a portion of it might vie with the Five Points of New York in their malodorous reputation. Dr. Eben Tourgee, the head of a famous musical conservatory at the South End, was at this time president of the North End Mission, and through his agency Mrs. Caswell was drawn into a connection with that infested region, which was destined to have notable results.

In a canvass of the district surrounding the Mission, a canvass in which she took part with others, more than a hundred houses of ill fame, and eight hundred grog shops of the vilest character, were found. Her heart was sickened by what she saw on the streets. Here was a blacker paganism than Newtown Hill and the Plank Road, and she went home with the absorbing conviction that something must be done for the women of the North End. Industrial education, as a branch of missions, was yet in its infancy. But she had tried the experiment in Newtown and had proved its value among the young pagans of both sexes.

Her first venture, therefore, was to open an Industrial School for the North End women, in one of the unoccupied rooms of the Mission House. Mrs. Governor Claflin, her close friend,

had already started a similar school for young girls in the same building. In fact, it was Mrs. Claflin's success with the girls that pointed the way to the trial of another experiment for their mothers. As the little ones became interested in their school and carried home the story, the mothers grew curious, until, in the judgment of Mrs. Caswell, the hopeful hour had struck for the women. It had long been a vexed question how to get at them. Their sensitiveness took alarm easily. Adroit management must be used or they would be driven away further than ever. Most of them were miserably poor, many of them were worse than poor, and all of them were in need of comfortable clothes for the winter. Upon this need she adroitly built her plan.

At one point that plan differed wisely from that of the girls' school. The girls received tickets, representing money, for their work, while to the women were to be given the garments which they made for themselves *in the school.* No woman's pride could take offense at receiving the result of her own labor, and nothing was allowed to be taken home until nicely finished. Thus, at the beginning, their regular attendance was secured by their own needs; afterwards they continued to come because they loved to come, because for one little

while in every week they were comfortable and happy and treated as human beings, capable of self-respect and self-reliance. Their teachers were among the most cultured women of Boston, and it was a touching sight to see these refined, well-dressed ladies surrounded each by her own class of outcast pupils. Such friendly communion of social extremes was good for both; to the women of the North End it was purifying and elevating; to their teachers it was vastly enlightening. It was no uncommon thing in those days to see these women of wealth and refinement visiting the homes, and often the dens, of their pupils. Everywhere they were met with kindness. Even coarse men were shamed into a rude chivalrous respect and admiration, and while the visitor was present not a profane word passed their lips.

During the first winter, following the opening of this school, it numbered over ninety regular attendants of all ages, from the girl of fourteen to the old woman of sixty or seventy. The experimental stage was safely passed and every week it was winning new friends and converts, when suddenly there fell upon the city a calamity unprecedented in its history.

At seven o'clock on the evening of November 9, 1872, Boston's memorable fire broke out,

and for thirty-six hours continued to burn, until it had swept over sixty-five acres of the business district, consuming more than eight hundred buildings, occupied by eighteen hundred business firms. The extent of the disaster was appalling. Eighty millions of the city's wealth was in ashes; business came to a standstill, and twenty-five thousand men and women were thrown out of employment. Fortunately, the course of the fire had spared their homes, but distress was wide-spread and came upon the city at a time when its best givers were themselves crippled, and, in many instances, ruined.

One result of the disaster was to open to Mrs. Caswell a new field of missionary effort, so unique in its character as to attract wide notice throughout the city and surrounding towns, and even in distant states. Her own account of the matter is preserved in manuscript notes, from which the writer is enabled to construct a connected story.

One December afternoon four weeks after the fire, while the ladies of the Park Street Bureau of Relief were engaged in dispensing aid to sufferers, there appeared two women of olive hue and dark eyes, speaking in an unknown tongue, and trying with many signs to make themselves understood. No interpreter

was needed to reveal that they were suffering from hunger and cold.

Mrs. Caswell pointed to the door with a sign that she would follow them. They led her by devious ways to Battery Street. The day was bitterly cold and they were thinly clad. Occasionally one of the women would look back, shake her head, and lift her eyes to heaven; the other coughed dreadfully. Reaching Battery Street Mrs. Caswell was reminded that she was in a quarantined district, infested with smallpox. At this appalling thought she hesitated, but only for a moment. She felt herself led by a higher power than her own; wistful eyes, too, drew her on. At last they entered a crowded tenement, felt their way up a dark and dirty staircase, where every sense was offended, until her Portuguese guides opened a door into a room as clean and sweet as a garden. It was a cold room, but scrupulously neat; the bare floor shone as did the table and chairs.

One of her guides threw back the closet door and showed the shelves, utterly bare, except for two cold potatoes and a crust of bread. They pointed to the stove and shook their heads, meaning, "No coal." They held out the tin pail that answered for a hod, as much as to say, "For the sake of pity, one pailful." She sat down and wrote an order upon the Relief Com-

mittee for wood, coal and food. They could not read the order, but they understood and knelt and kissed her hands, wetting them with tears. Then one of them, crossing her hands upon her breast, lifted her eyes, and in the same unknown tongue thanked God. With the aid of a female interpreter found in the house, this scene was explained. The smallpox and the fire had taken away their work until on that day they had come to their last coal and crust. "We always help each other," said the interpreter. "We cannot do that now." When this tale was carried back to Park Street, Mrs. Claflin immediately offered a resolution that the needs of the Boston Portuguese should be looked into and relieved.

If the prevailing ignorance of the situation should seem strange, it must be remembered that the Portuguese had always preferred to care for their own; that the men were temperate, the women virtuous, and the young girls modest and self-respecting. None of these people were familiar with courts or dance houses, and until now work had been abundant. Yet it is a singular comment on our civilization that, chiefly because these people were strangers to charity bureaus, police courts and haunts of vice, they were in danger of perishing unpitied, in sight of churches and agencies of relief.

When the action of the Relief Bureau became known, the room at Park Street Church overflowed with applicants for help. Hamilton Hall was opened, but still they came in numbers too great to be accommodated. Finally, through the influence of Mrs. Caswell, the chapel of the North End Mission was offered and the offer was accepted. The smallpox was still ravaging their homes, but they seemed totally indifferent to the danger of infection, and in some instances appeared at the chapel in various stages of the disease. Strange to say, although the Mission House was thrown open every day to these afflicted people, not a single case of the disease appeared among its regular inmates, nor was a single helper attacked, although the police reported cases on either side of them.

At the end of two weeks $1,753 had been dispensed in small orders, widely distributed. Then came a "check" which threatened to be a "checkmate." The Relief Bureau voted that any larger proportion of funds to the Portuguese would be an injustice to other sufferers equally needy. No one can blame them for this decision; the city was flooded with distress. But to withdraw further help from these interesting people, innocent victims of disease and want, would be a mockery and was not to be thought

of. The problem was a grave one and was solved in a curious and singular fashion.

The Women's Industrial School was still in successful operation. Every Friday Mrs. Caswell and her assisting teachers were faithful to their charge even when the Portuguese work, which began as a side issue, had come to absorb every other day and hour of the week. It happened, on the very Friday when the Relief Bureau announced its decision, that a Portuguese woman passing the windows of the mission building caught sight of the North End women busily sewing upon flannel skirts. She immediately disappeared on the run, and fifteen minutes later returned, followed by a crowd of women. They invaded the building, crowding into the schoolroom where the classes were at work until the platform and all the standing room were occupied. The school was taken by surprise and a few of them were very angry at the intrusion. Mrs. Caswell was wholly unprepared for the emergency. She made an effort to clear the room, but they pointed to the rolls of flannel and lifted their dresses to show their own need of flannel skirts. All the time the crowd was increasing. Looking out of the window she saw women still coming down the street. Then ordering the outer doors closed and locked, partly by force and partly by

persuasion, she guided the crowd to an upper unoccupied room, promising to join them later.

Here was a sudden missionary *necessity*, and to her a necessity of this kind was always the mother of invention. She never saw a desired end without seeing a way to accomplish it. What now was to be done? Slowly ascending the stairs to her poor friends, pondering this question, she says, in her narrative: "A sudden thought came to me." Who can doubt that it was heaven-sent? "Why not open an industrial school for these Portuguese women, all their own, and appeal to the public for its support?" By the help of one woman, who understood a little English, she told them all to come again on Monday and sew for themselves, and with this promise they were persuaded to retire. That same evening came $100 from Mrs. Claflin, her noble co-worker, and upon this slender capital the new school was ready to begin.

For seventeen weeks, until the middle of April, it continued and was supported by voluntary contributions. Only three hundred women at one time could find room in the chapel. Each of them was permitted to make for herself two suits of underclothing, two flannel skirts, one balmoral skirt, and one dress. When

this list was complete, her ticket was taken from her and she received a shawl, a hat, stockings and boots from the stores of such garments contributed by friends. They were sorry to go, but, kissing their benefactress's hands, they said, "It is all right; we will pray for you; good-bye." Fifty pupils a week were thus graduated and their places immediately taken by others from the waiting list.

The published reports of donations to this unique charity (or shall it be called *industry?*) reveal its popular character. The amounts range from ten cents, given by a boy in Pennsylvania, to $100, the largest single contribution. Ten states and the District of Columbia named in the report indicate the widely scattered interest and sources of supply. Names known throughout the nation are found on this list: "John G. Whittier" appears twice; "Mrs. Walter Baker" twice, and such other names as Governor Claflin, James T. Fields, Robert C. Winthrop, Dorothea L. Dix, Dr. E. N. Kirk, Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, Mrs. A. A. Lawrence, and Lucy Larcom. Added to money gifts were hundreds of boxes, barrels, and packages of comfortable second-hand garments, all timely and useful.

Did Mrs. Caswell forget in these ardent labors for their physical comfort that these

women had souls to be quickened and comforted? She was still as ever the missionary. Each session of the school was opened with Scripture readings, the singing of gospel hymns and the Lord's prayer. All the people were Catholics but strangely free from religious bigotry. Many of them attended the mission chapel service on the Sabbath. One day the Portuguese Consul appeared as a visitor, and was unaffectedly grateful and interested. "Do you object to having the Bible read to your people?" he was asked. "No, indeed, I do not: I do not wish them left in darkness." "Would you rather I should use the Douay version?" "No, use your own." "Do you object to their coming to our chapel?" "No, I am sure they will not hear their own church condemned there."

On the last day of the school the Consul appeared again and made two addresses, one to Mrs. Caswell, thanking her with signs of deep feeling for what she had done for his people; the other to the members of the school whom he addressed as his daughters, charging them never to forget their benefactress and to include her always in their prayers. There was little need of the latter exhortation. Among many letters that came to her, the following is a sample of all:

"My dear Lady:

"I am exceedingly obliged to you for your timely aid. The money you sent me has kept the roof over my head. May God bless you and yours. May you never know what it is to go supperless to bed. My poor husband and myself, we never get tired of speaking your name. My dear lady, will you write your name on a piece of paper, so I can hold it in my hand when on my knees I ask God to bless you?

"Your humble servant,

"Mary Joseph."

In these days of sanitary law and vigilant health boards, the apparent indifference of the city government to that deadly scourge, smallpox, which was so fruitful a cause of the misery of these people, must seem almost incredible. It can only be explained by the general derangement following the fire. Mrs. Caswell made repeated complaints at the City Hall without effect. At length, however, a health-officer appeared at the school where three hundred women were at work. He asked all who had been vaccinated to rise. Four women rose. "Now all who have had the smallpox stand up." The whole school without an exception were on their feet.

To many inquiries why these Azorean emigrants were found in Boston at the opening of winter, so destitute of clothing, Mrs. Caswell

tells us that they came from their sunny islands in ignorance of our language, customs, and climate; that their clothing and bedding were burned instead of being purified. When their little all had escaped this fate it had been sold for rent to keep a roof over their heads; and she adds this incident:

"I have in mind now a man who sold each piece of furniture separately to pay his rent, hoping every day to be able to work. He had a wife and a baby six months old. At last he found occupation on the burnt district,—and that was a happy morning for both when he bade his wife good-bye, and told her that better days were coming. That very afternoon he was brought home a mangled corpse. A brick wall fell upon him, killing him instantly. I gave the widow ten dollars to help her through this new trouble. The next morning a Portuguese woman came to me, walking the entire distance from Hanover Street to the South End, bringing the same ten dollars, saying, 'We all gave her a few pennies apiece, and she wants you to use this money to help some one else.'"

Such nobility of spirit, as rare as it was beautiful, won sympathy and friends, and sufficiently explains the lifelong interest of Mrs. Caswell in the welfare of these interesting people.

During the four months in which this special effort was continued, eighteen hundred women were members of the Portuguese Industrial School; three thousand garments were cut out and 10,599 yards of purchased material were made into garments by the school, at a cost of $2,032.23, furnished by voluntary contributions. Adding to this the sums contributed from the Park Street relief fund in December, the entire cost of the Portuguese relief work was $3,785.23. It came to an end in a natural way when the demand for labor, cut off by the fire, was restored to normal conditions.

IV

AN EXPERIMENT—THE GOSPEL INDUSTRIAL HOME—DEATH OF MR. CASWELL

THE reader will have discovered that Mrs. Caswell was by nature a pioneer rather than a follower of beaten paths. In the rank and file of the missionary army she could loyally serve under aggressive leaders as witness her long partnership with Mr. and Mrs. Wright. But in her blood was the outreaching instinct of the explorer. As Columbus could never have remained a contented coaster, or Peary a happy naval commander between the tropics, so the woman of whom we are speaking was ever exploring the horizon, with "a divine discontent," for undiscovered methods of missionary service. That this instinct was a sure guide has already been shown more than once; that it might still be safely followed remains to be seen in her next missionary venture.

For nearly ten years she had been in close touch with the North End Mission and all its methods. Their value she knew and, at one

point, had felt their weakness. Referring to the evangelistic side of that work which she had devotedly sustained for years, she has written: "Many seemed converted, but not *permanently*." No criticism was intended, only the sad confession of a fact which every evangelist among the degraded knows and mourns. If converts could be kept in the atmosphere of a gospel meeting they might in time develop a Christian strength that would triumph over temptation. But once outside of the meeting, every environment of their lives was against the permanency of their new-born resolutions. This the workers knew and regretted. Mrs. Caswell knew it also, and, after much reflection, determined upon "an experiment," as she called it, to reduce if possible this sad waste of consecrated effort.

The name she gave to her experiment was, "*A Gospel Industrial Home.*" Scan every word, for each one has a separate world of meaning, and must have been most carefully chosen.

"*Gospel.*" God for the blinded soul.

"*Industrial.*" Work for the idle hand.

"*Home.*" Safeguard and retreat for the tempted.

It was not "a gospel mission" alone. It was not an "industrial school" alone. It was never

a charity "home"; but, by a comprehensive blending of the three, she aimed to create for the unprivileged youth of North Street what the more fortunate children of Christian homes have by inheritance, namely: religious training; education of the brain and the hand; domestic love and restraint. Set any hoodlum of the slums, so she reasoned, beside the carefully trained son or daughter of a Christian home and, barring heredity which interferes with everything, the whole distance between the two may be measured by the loss to one, and the possession by the other, of a *gospel industrial home.* Such was the insight and the foresight of her scheme.

Before entering upon the story of this novel experiment, to the trial of which she was now fully committed, the writer pauses to raise the inquiry whether it was not even more than "novel," whether it was not absolutely new. Social settlements and institutional churches have multiplied so rapidly in recent years, and their value has become so firmly established in public opinion by their fruits, that it will seem almost incredible that so recently as 1880 nothing of the kind in organized form was known in the United States. While one hesitates to make such a claim, one may at least venture to raise the inquiry.

Dr. Josiah Strong, a profound student of social science, must be recognized as a high authority in such a matter. In answer to the inquiry put to him by the writer, the following reply will be found suggestive, not only for the information it contains, but for the mingled candor and caution so characteristic of that author.

"Her work," says Dr. Strong, "was the more remarkable from the fact that it seems to have been quite original with her. It antedates the first social settlement and the first so-called institutional church in this country. It is difficult to fix, with an exact date, the beginning of such work. Stanton Coit started the Neighborhood Guild in 1887, which grew afterwards into the University Settlement, but I think that the Hull House, founded by Jane Addams, would probably be considered the first social settlement in the United States, which was organized in 1889. Various churches undertook certain methods of work which we now call institutional a good many years ago; but Berkeley Temple, Boston, is commonly recognized as the first Institutional Church in this country; at all events, the first church to which the name was applied, and its institutional work, dates from 1888. I do not imagine that your sister got her ideas from any of the embryo institu-

tional churches or settlements which might have existed when she began her work, and I am not at all certain that she is not entitled to be considered the founder of both the institutional church and the social settlement in the United States, which were united in one in her 'Gospel Industrial Home.'"

It is quite as improbable that the social settlement or the institutional church, as they exist to-day, borrowed their ideas from her gospel home as that she "got her ideas" from the embryo efforts to which Dr. Strong alludes. It is not thus that such movements often begin. Nearly every valuable discovery in nature or science had more than one independent discoverer, and it would be strange indeed, at a time when the menace of the modern city was challenging the attention of Christian men and women all over the land, if more than one earnest soul, seeking for a solution, should not have hit upon the same general method of treatment. The significant fact remains, that Mrs. Caswell seems to have lighted upon a method some eight or ten years before it came into general use.

In pursuing the narrative, the writer finds at hand quite full notes in manuscript, covering the evolution of the Gospel Home, from the gathering of a "woman's sewing class," its first

organized effort, until it numbered twenty independent departments under one roof, not one of which was started in a mechanical way, but each started itself by being pushed into life by a natural development. In this respect the history of the institution is unique. It was not a building up, but a growing up, from the seed to the tree, every branch having its own reason for being, and its own place in the symmetry of the whole.[1]

Mrs. Caswell had not forgotten the strategy of Newtown Hill and the Plank Road; she did not begin with the "Jesus Way." Had she opened with a chaplain and a gospel meeting she would have ended where she began, with another mission and all its lack of permanent results. She began with a *needle;* and what truer symbol could she have found for a real Home than a woman with a needle? Yet at first it was not easy to find the woman to go with the needle. There were women in plenty and all of them in sad need of its ministry. "I went into the streets," she says, "and invited women to come and learn how to make and

[1] Four years ago Mrs. Caswell wrote a detailed account of her home for Dr. Josiah Strong which will be found in the appendix of his "Challenge of the City." From that account in connection with the manuscript notes referred to, the author has drawn much of this chapter, with the courteous permission of the Young People's Missionary Movement.

mend garments for themselves. At first they were shy, but in a few weeks a Women's Class numbering two hundred, under the care of a skilled teacher, was gathered." Two hundred women with needles!—an auspicious beginning of a real Home!

In the cellar of the building a laundry equipment was discovered, and out of that discovery a Laundry Class was formed under a practiced laundress. *In time the laundry became self-supporting.*

"Then young girls stopped me on the street saying, 'Can't *we* have a class?' and very soon a Girls' Class of two hundred was organized who, under another teacher, were taught to sew and mend. This class also received lessons in millinery." A class of fifty girls entered the laundry. In time there were classes of girls, under competent teachers, in cooking and kitchen-gardening. Certain girls in this class were trained as table waitresses and chambermaids.

The next demand came, of course, from the boys, which resulted in Boys' Classes in carpentry, shoemaking, and printing. Girls were also admitted to the classes in carpentry and printing. In every class of boys and girls during the day, and of men and women in the evening, each teacher, while training the hand, gave

lessons in physical and moral cleanliness. Special effort had been made to secure Christian teachers and the success in this respect was phenomenal. Every person employed in the building had a true missionary spirit; visitors remarked that they felt the uplifting influence as soon as they entered the Home.

All this time the religious side, while never obtruded, was never forgotten, and the classes, without knowing just how, found themselves living in a Christian atmosphere. A chaplain was employed who held meetings every evening in the chapel, supplemented by midnight meetings three times a week. Consecrated young men from the churches of the city volunteered to work on the street winning outsiders to these meetings.

Notice that every class, thus far formed, developed the need of another. Women came who wanted to belong to the school but who had no capacity for the needle or the wash-tub, and so a Scrubbing Class was organized; when trained, occupation was easily found for them in railroad offices, on cars, and in public buildings.

Then, with the awakening of their minds, it seemed best to open a Library for the benefit of the neighborhood. For this purpose a room was prepared by the carpentry class and a

thousand dollars' worth of wholesome books were placed upon the shelves. There was a large table in the center of the room for magazines and papers of the day, surrounded by comfortable chairs. There were cozy corners for small tables fitted with writing materials. The lady who presided over the Library selected books and gave good advice upon the subject of reading, wrote letters for men and women who could not write, and won the hearts of hundreds of people in the vicinity by this form of service.

By this time frequent appeals for help in sickness were coming in, which led to a Loan and Relief Department. A large room was set apart for couches, mattresses, easy chairs, baby-carriages, cots, bedding and other conveniences for the sick. These articles were also loaned out on condition that they be returned when no longer needed for the sick. When returned they were cleansed and put in order for the next call. The lady in charge of this department faithfully visited the families thus assisted.

Then as the work of the Home became known it was natural that people should come for a woman to sew or mend or wash or scrub; this led to an Employment Department.

In the building was a large dining-room and

kitchen, and thus an opportunity was offered to open a Restaurant, where people in the vicinity could have nourishing meals at moderate prices, or buy a quart of hot soup for five cents, to take home to their families. Under thrifty management the restaurant was made self-supporting.

One fact was made absolutely clear; *nothing was to be given away;* and so, in the procession constantly going in and out of the door of the Home, there were no beggars.

It was soon discovered that the people had no thought of saving the pennies for a rainy day. They must be got to save,—but how? In those days they could never accumulate enough to put into a regular savings-bank, and there was little in a three per cent. interest to inspire them. The Home therefore must open its own Bank. Again the carpenter boys came to the front, and made a neat case of shelves with doors that could be locked. An array of collar boxes formed the banking apparatus with a bank-book for each depositor. Men, women, boys and girls were invited to bring any sum for deposit in one of these boxes labeled and set apart for the depositor. When ten cents had been thus accumulated, interest at ten per cent. a month was guaranteed until ten dollars should have been realized. This interest was

the gift of a wealthy gentleman who believed this to be a wise way of helping the poor. Of course it was benevolence and not business. That ten dollars when complete was taken to a regular bank and Mrs. Caswell became its trustee, while the depositor took another collar box and began on his second investment. She remarks that, once the money had passed into the bank, it required very urgent arguments to convince her as trustee that it should be taken out. In five years, thirteen hundred depositors had made good.

Then it developed there were mothers who could easily get work by the day if their children could be cared for in their absence, whereupon the Home naturally opened its doors to the babies. One hundred little ones were made safe and happy every day while their mothers were at work.

There was a large audience room in the building seating six hundred people, and here entertainments were given. Free? Not at all; five cents a ticket! No deadheads in a Gospel Industrial Home! Young people from the uptown churches and Harvard students from Cambridge furnished the entertainments. Distinguished speakers gave lectures, among them John B. Gough. Select readings were had from James T. Fields, Professor Churchill,

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Sara Orne Jewett; concerts by distinguished vocalists. These were entertainments good enough for the *bon ton* of the West End, yet none were too good for the Industrial Home on North Bennett Street.

Thanksgiving and Christmas we may be sure were great days at this model Home. On the day before Thanksgiving a banquet was given to the women of the classes, and every woman carried home a Thanksgiving dinner for the next day. At Christmas the boys and girls were banqueted, and the whole Home had a Christmas tree.

It is not to be forgotten that this was a Catholic district. Are we to have the usual trouble now? Not at all, if tact and foresight can prevent. "I invited the Catholic priests to lunch with me, and told them just what I was doing, and that while their people were attending the training classes they were also coming into the meetings. I told them I had no desire to proselyte, but I would not hold myself responsible if their people came into the meetings. They must take care of them. I gave the same message to the Jewish leaders, and invited both priests and rabbis to the library, showed them two thousand volumes and the catalogue. If there were any books they preferred their people should not read

and would point them out, I would see that they were not distributed. The priests were very friendly and seemed to trust me. They knew at least that I was working above board."

During all these years there was no busier woman in Boston than Mrs. Caswell; no merchant more deeply engrossed in his wares; no banker more watchful of his stocks; no captain of industry more devoted to his schemes; no leader of society more faithful to its frivolities. Her desk at the North Bennett Street Home was the center of an absorbing business, a business calling every hour for quick decisions, requiring the finest tact, and making unceasing draughts upon her sympathy and love; and even when she returned to her home at night, it was not to rest, but to study some new problem or plan for her suffering friends in North Street.

She had many helpers, loyal, intelligent, sympathetic. Some of them were paid employees, but not one of them all a hireling, measuring service by a wage. They soon caught the spirit of their leader and, like her, were seeking to save. Thus there sprang up the *con amore* atmosphere which so impressed all visitors, and between the workers themselves, whether paid or volunteer, a comradery

which realized the highest ideal of a true home. It was this atmosphere, quite as much as its ministry of succor, which made the North Bennett Street Home a leavening and purifying force in the community.

A few incidents of the work, illustrating several of the features named in the narrative, are furnished by Miss Alice L. White and Miss Susan A. Whitcomb, two of Mrs. Caswell's most trusted co-workers.

Sympathy and Tact. One Saturday night, a little ragged urchin came into the office and going to her desk said, "Mrs. Caswell, I wants to take out two pennies." "Why," said Mrs. Caswell, "the interest is to be paid on Monday. Had you not better leave them in?" He looked at her and said, "Mrs. Caswell, don't you think a fellow feels better with a few pennies in his pocket over Sunday?" She replied, "Well, Jimmy, I don't know but what you are right." "I'll bring 'em back to you, sure, Monday." "All right, my little man," and she handed into the dirty little hand the two pennies with one of her own smiles. Sure enough, Monday morning, bright and early, the pennies were back again with, "I told you I would bring 'em back." She trusted the child and he was true to her.

Better than Police. One night at the North Bennett Street Home they were having an entertainment for the children from the streets. The hall was packed—the entertainment was of a humorous nature and they became noisy—so noisy at last that it was impossible to quiet them enough to go on. There were five or six workers there and they each tried to restore order. Finally one of them said to me, "We shall have to have a policeman; there are so many of them here to-night,—between four and five hundred. Will you go and ask Mrs. Caswell to call one?" I went and found her at her desk writing. I told her what I had been sent for. She looked up and smiled, saying, "They don't need a policeman." She rose and went with me to the hall where confusion reigned. Standing quietly before them at the front of the platform she lifted her hand, put one finger on her lips and waited, without speaking one word, and in a second there was perfect quiet in that hall. She then took a seat in the audience, and for an hour the entertainment continued and there was no further need of a policeman.

Courage. One night after ten o'clock there came a call for her to go into the slums. Mr. Caswell was away, but she hesitated not one

moment. Some one was dying and wanted her. When she reached the alley where she was going, a policeman came up to her. When he found who she was he said, "Why, Mrs. Caswell, you must not be down here alone at this time of night. Let me go with you." She replied, "No. Brass buttons can't do any good where I'm going." "Well," he continued, "I shall stay at the foot of the stairs and wait for you. There ain't any other woman who would go up there alone." So up she went, over five flights of rickety stairs, feeling her way along to a back room where a young man was dying. He knew her and was so grateful to her for coming. She sat by his side and sang to him until the death angel came. It was after twelve when she crept down the dark stairs and found the policeman standing guard. He said, "While I like your grit, marm, it truly ain't safe for you to do this work alone." She thanked him and he put her on a car that went by her door.

The Helped a Helper. One of the women from the Mothers' Sewing Class was taken suddenly ill and sent to a hospital where she died a few days later. Mrs. Caswell inquiring about the family from "Mary," one of the women employed at the Home, learned that the hus-

band of the dead woman was not living and that a half-witted boy of fifteen had been left to care for himself. "I am trying to find the poor boy," said Mary. "I am going every evening through the courts and alleys all around here to find that poor helpless child." "What will you do with him, Mary, if you succeed?" asked Mrs. Caswell. "God knows," said Mary, "but I cannot sleep nights thinking of him wandering about the streets. Supposing he gets into the saloon! Somebody must look out for him. You have told us to help each other and to keep our children from the bad places. We *must* save this poor motherless lad." "Yes," said Mrs. Caswell. "Do your best to find him and then report to me."

A few days later Mary came hurrying into the office saying that she had found the boy in a saloon near one of the wharves where he was employed as a waiter, getting food and beer for pay! Mary had taken him to her own home, sharing with him her scanty supply of food until something should be planned for his future. Mrs. Caswell at once wrote to some friends in New Hampshire and through them found him a good home on a farm in a Christian family. About a year later she received a report that the boy was doing well and learning to work for his living.

Hoping against Hope. One bitterly cold day in the winter of '85 there came into the office at North Bennett Street a woman who seemed old but proved to be not much over forty, wrinkled, crippled with rheumatism, very thinly clothed, and very drunk. She tumbled into a chair mumbling curses against the janitor who had tried to keep her away from the office. Mrs. Caswell was unusually busy that afternoon but soon found time to go to the woman who seemed ready to topple over to the floor. Leaning over her she said quietly, "My poor woman, why did you come here? What do you want?" "Work. I want work. Are you Mrs. Caswell?" "Yes, I am Mrs. Caswell. But you are in no condition to talk to me now. You have been drinking. Come again when you are sober." She led her out of the room, ordered the janitor to give her a cup of tea and something to eat. "Well," I said when Mrs. Caswell returned to her desk, "what do you expect to do for such a wreck as that, in case she comes again, which I doubt?" "Yes, I think she *will* come again. There is something in her, or she would not have come at all," said Mrs. Caswell. "It is our business to find out how much woman is left in her. Just wait and see."

Sure enough, the very next day she walked

into the office, sober, and comparatively tidy in her dress. She said she was a New England woman brought up on a farm, that she was a member of the Methodist Church when she came to Boston with her husband ten or twelve years before. But illness, and, later, the death of her husband and the consequent poverty, had caused her to drift away from church and relatives. She was discouraged, hungry, and, though homesick, was "ashamed to go back home or to ask help from her folks." Her fingers were so crippled with rheumatism that she was unable to sew but she could perhaps do coarse knitting. Mrs. Caswell, never at a loss for ideas, at once remembered a large package of coarse yarn which had been donated for use at the Home but had not thus far been needed. She sent me to find the yarn, gave it to the woman with suitable needles, telling her to knit it all into stockings for sailors, for which she would pay her, and would give her, besides this work, all the cleaning she could do—all on condition that she would hire a room near the Home and stop drinking. She agreed and went at once to find a room. In a few days she had moved and started on her new life, "glad that she could do something for herself," she said. This occurred a short time before Mrs. Caswell left the Home, so she could not

follow up her history. But two years later I visited the North End to look up some Home friends and learned that the woman had kept her agreement to leave bad habits and had returned to church and Sunday-school. Later she wrote to her friends "down East." They promptly replied offering her a home and work. So by patience of hope she was saved.

A Letter. "Kind Friend,—I am one of the happiest women in the North End because I'm earning something to support my family in your laundry. When I look back six weeks and remember how *black* everything was, and how down-hearted and discouraged I was the day I heard your knock on the door. And you came in, and everything was dreadful. You remember my baby was sick, and my poor old mother was trying to breathe (asthma) in the corner and the six children crying for the hunger and my husband out of work and you said, 'Perhaps you'd like a friend.' Well, that was something I wasn't looking for just then. And I threw my apron over my face, you remember, and couldn't speak to you for the sobs.

"And to think of me now! My sick mother taken care of, and me earning my coal and my groceries and some money, too, in the laundry with my regular customers and all, and my

man at work too! I think—I really think—I've just begun to *live!*"

Two features of the work have not been named; first, the building. If it had been made on purpose it could not have been better adapted. Once, it was the Salem Street Congregational Church, where Dr. Edward Beecher and Dr. George Washington Field had preached. When by changes of the population its need for that purpose ceased, it had been reconstructed into a seven-story building for the Seamen's Friend Society, but was now out of use. Mrs. Caswell saw her chance and secured the lease of this building for five years at a rental of $145 a month. Great must have been her faith when she signed that lease, without a dollar in hand for the first month's rental and without a single class or pupil in sight. Was her faith justified? In five years $150,000 were expended on this Home. How was this money obtained? Let her answer.

"Under God, my principal influence was a small memorandum. As each department was organized I devoted a page of this small book to figures, revealing the actual cost of running it. The estimate included the salary of teacher, gas, heat, and materials for use in the class. When a gentleman, becoming interested in our

young carpenters at work, asked me what it cost to run that class, I opened my book and presented the figures, $250 a month. 'I'll pay that,' he said." A simple and easy way to raise money—but before trying it, be careful to be born with an appealing, compelling personality. The man believed in the work of the boys as he saw its meaning. He could not help it. But above all, he had faith in the woman: and there is a vast difference between belief and faith.

What were the results of this Gospel Industrial experiment? Has any one ever measured the influence of one Christian home? Two thousand men, women, boys and girls, if living, are in debt, to this hour, for the training of brain, hand and soul, which they received under the roof of this Gospel Industrial Home. Thirty thousand people living within its atmosphere responded to its gracious influence and were restrained from evil ways by its gentle ministry of love.

The captain of the police in that district made an official report, at the end of the third year of this work, that the neighborhood had been so improved that he had taken off one half of his force from that particular section of the city.

Mrs. Caswell's connection with the Home

continued until 1885, a period of five years. In 1884, her own home was made desolate by the death of her husband. Up to the last he was a true partner in his wife's missionary work. In every department his genial presence was welcome and no one knows the extent of his financial help. He was one who made friends readily and held them firmly. Modest, shrinking, self-distrustful almost to a fault, he yet drew the hearts of men towards himself with a rare attraction. Whatever the vicissitudes of life, and he had his share, he seemed always to be dwelling in the sun and calm. Whether he had read Kirk White's line or not, he believed and obeyed it: "'Tis magnanimity to hide the wound." Such a nature drew the tried and worried to itself. They found in him a willing comforter; one with "a heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize." As a Christian, Mr. Caswell belonged to the type of Mary of Bethany and St. John. He was one to sit at his Master's feet and lean upon his bosom rather than to fight his battles. His prayers were the confiding utterances of a little child. Those who heard him at the meetings at the North End Mission, of which he was a director, or at the prayer meetings of the Industrial Home, will never forget the trustful faith expressed in those winning tones that led

all listeners nearer to God. His church home in Boston was at Park Street, but everywhere and always his creed blossomed into acts of helpfulness, especially towards the lowly, the intemperate, and the outcast. As while he lived none knew him but to love him, so, even now, none name him but to bless.

For two years more, under this burden of sorrow, Mrs. Caswell continued her labors until failing health compelled her to stop. But a broad foundation had been laid on which others have builded. The institution which she founded is known to-day as the North Bennett Street Industrial School and Social Service House. Many new departments have been added, or, more truly, have developed in natural ways from the parent tree. About 40,000 names have been registered in its classes since 1880, when Mrs. Caswell, without either a dollar or a pupil in sight, started her Gospel Industrial Home with a needle.

V

HER COUNTRY-WIDE SERVICE—EDITOR OF THE "HOME MISSIONARY"—NATIONAL SECRETARY OF WOMAN'S WORK

BY a noticeable coincidence Mrs. Broad's missionary career divides into three distinct periods, approximating fifteen years each, and a fractional period of eight years, each period terminated by a critical event in her personal history.

From 1853 to 1868 she was among the Seneca Indians until her marriage to Mr. Caswell brought her to Boston. From 1870 to 1885 she was identified with the North End Mission and Industrial work until the death of her husband. From 1885 to 1900 she was in the national office of the Home Missionary Society, part of the time as editor but for most of the period as secretary of the Woman's Department, until her marriage with Mr. Broad.

These three periods, aggregating a continuous service of forty-six years, were divided between foreign missions (as the Indian work was then reckoned), city missions and American

home missions. Following the third period above named was a fragment of eight years of independent work in company with her husband, terminated by his sudden death in 1908, a period which, though brief, took her into every state of the Union and in some respects was the most notable and productive of all. The total of her missionary service, therefore, interrupted only by brief seasons of sorrow or rest, was fifty-four years.

It is with the third of these fifteen years' periods that we have now to do. On her retirement from the Industrial work in North Bennett Street, with health broken by labor and sorrow, she removed to New York, making her home with her brother in that city. Her first experience of a Saratoga meeting was in June of 1885, when she was present as an interested listener.

At that time the charter of the Society restricted the holding of its annual meetings to the state of New York, and for several years previous to 1885, Saratoga had been the chosen place of meeting. It was in itself a beautiful resort, with ample hotel and boarding-house accommodations, but with only a small local constituency of Congregationalists. Conveniently located for New England and the middle West

and especially attractive in early summer, the attendance was always large and highly representative. The Methodist church of the village furnished the best auditorium and its seating capacity of sixteen hundred was often filled with visiting delegates. The social features were exceptionally fine. In the early morning and between the sessions, hundreds of the delegates met at the springs or in the parks under conditions highly favorable for genuine fellowship, often resulting in as genuine friendships, renewed year by year, until, to this day, the Saratoga epoch in Home Missions is an epoch apart, remembered and cherished by thousands as the most enjoyable, and to the Society, the most profitable, among the annual gatherings of the church.

It was too enjoyable to be monopolized by New England and the East. The Society's charter was finally amended to allow its annual meetings to be held in other and more distant states. Saratoga was reluctantly abandoned as a continuous feast. Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, Omaha, and the leading cities of New England had rights and made claims. But for popular interest, for stimulating fellowship, and for notable missionary movements, a Saratoga meeting must ever claim the palm. Mrs. Caswell's first touch with American Home Missions

was at Saratoga, and to life's end that touch was a quickening memory.

Her official connection with the Society began by chance, as we say, until it is discovered later that what seemed a chance was a divine direction. Up to this time the *Home Missionary* had never been really edited; it had never had an editor in the full sense. For sixty years its monthly issues had taken their chance between the officers of the Society as the pressure of other duties permitted. As a natural result, the magazine had come to be little more than a collection of missionary annals, made up of letters and reports from the field, interesting enough to readers already interested, but of no special attraction to the indifferent, and with little power, of themselves, to create missionary enthusiasm.

At the time of which we are speaking, the honored and beloved treasurer, Dr. A. H. Clapp, was devoting such fragments of time as his engrossing duties would permit to the selection of material for the magazine. His genial spirit, his knowledge of the field and the force, and the memory of his visits while secretary among the churches, both East and West, gave him a peculiar fitness for this work which he used with skill. But the double duty was proving too heavy for one man, and in sheer self-defense

he, one day, laid all his gathered material on Mrs. Caswell's table, saying:

"You must get out the next number of the *Home Missionary;* I simply cannot."

"But, dear doctor, I never got out anything in my life. I'm a perfect stranger to the work and the men. I am no editor; I am only a missionary and *I can never do it.*"

But the overworked treasurer insisted upon one number, "only one," and reluctantly she consented to try. To her brother, after the interview, she remarked: "I know nothing about editing a magazine, but I do know something about people, and I think I know what they want," and giving herself to a study of the material left in her hands she proceeded to edit one number of the *Home Missionary*, after a fashion of her own. Instead of printing long letters to fill space, she stripped them of all but the kernel, and this she condensed into terse paragraphs. Statistics she clothed in attractive guise with spicy comments of her own. She made a story for children and another story for women. On every page where room could be found she inserted striking texts of Scripture, germane to "Money and the Kingdom," and thus, for the first time in its history, one number of the *Home Missionary* went forth really edited. The effect was immediate and

most surprising. Letters of approval poured into the office and orders for extra copies to be distributed threatened to exhaust the edition.

Dr. Clapp was impressed. Nothing would tempt him back to the service. "You have made your calling and election as editor sure." And for the next seven years she continued to magnify that calling, with results known to all and still remembered. A casual glance at any one of the seven volumes that cover the period of her editorial service reveal her methods and the secret of their success.

The tone has become personal rather than official. The constant uniformity of the past has given place to a grateful variety. Lengthy articles, unless of exceptional interest, have yielded to paragraph articles. Care and thought are given to the choice of titles which pique curiosity. Titles are often phrased in the form of questions, challenging the reader to think and answer. Typographical surprises compel attention. Illustrations appear for the first time, which are now an established feature. Scripture is used freely to emphasize the higher meanings of the work. *Home Missionary* catechisms and rolls of honor for the best answers interest old and young. The cryptic letters, successfully used by the Societies to conceal their names and nature, are forced to

give up their secret, and even little children learn to solve the A. H. M. S. puzzle. Stories of real merit enrich the children's department. And most of all and best of all, perhaps, the joy of sacrifice is taught by constant precept and example, until many readers of the *Home Missionary* confessed to have acquired the habit of sacrifice during these years.

One incident of the latter kind, admitted to the magazine twenty-three years ago, is still fruitful. Dr. G. R. Merrill, of Minneapolis, in a recent letter says: "I shall never forget her story of the Ozark woman and the woodchuck's skin. I have told it over and over scores of times where she had not been." This story appeared first in the February *Home Missionary* of 1888 under the title: "The Ground Hog Skin."

"The southern mail brought a curious looking package to the Bible House last week, addressed to the editor. It proved to be a pelt; but the source of the contribution and the species of animal it represented were matters of speculation, until a later mail brought the following from a home missionary pastor in an isolated field at the South.

"'The person who sends you this skin is a very poor woman and the mother of a large family. She made a profession of religion last

August. One Sabbath I presented the cause of home missions to our little church. This woman was present and seemed greatly distressed because she could add nothing to the collection. The next time I called at her house she met me with a smiling face and said, "When you took that collection for home missions I did feel *dreadfully* because I had nothing to give. I have something now. Yes! I've got a ground-hog skin for you. I skinned him and tanned the skin with my own hands. I did it on purpose to give to you for my contribution. Will you take it?" she said anxiously. "Certainly I will," I hastened to reply, "and may God bless you!" Now, can you turn this woman's gift into gold for the Lord's treasury?'"

The first response to this incident and appeal came from Illinois, signed, "Philo," enclosing five dollars for temporary ownership of the pelt and suggesting that if others should respond, each successive contributor regardless of the amount, whether ten cents or ten dollars, become in turn the temporary owner, until the giving should cease.

This proposition Mrs. Caswell accepted and limited the giving period to one year. Eighty-eight letters were received from seventeen different states, containing $337 in small sums, and the majority of the gifts represented the

sacrifices of the poor. But this was not the end. The story traveled widely, was used on many public occasions for the benefit of many different causes and, as Dr. Merrill testifies, is still on its rounds. It may well be true, as another correspondent affirms, that the ground-hog story belongs to no one society or denomination, and that its increase must be estimated by thousands rather than hundreds of dollars.

Another of her schemes for enlisting the interest of young people is sufficiently characteristic for record. A missionary horse had become necessary to a missionary's wife. Mrs. Caswell had visited the field and could vouch for the need. But the Society had no funds for any such purpose. She must invent a method of her own. By a painless process of vivisection she dismembered the proposed animal into his component parts, attaching to each part a given value, the values aggregating one hundred dollars, and appealed to the young people to take shares. The following note in the magazine of April, 1891, doubtless gave a slight shock to some old-time subscribers; but it was vastly interesting to many young readers:

"There is no fund for missionary horses, but our young people are doing what they can to provide this animal in sections. Twenty shares

of five dollars each make a missionary horse. Twelve shares, sixty dollars, provide the eyes, ears, mouth, nose, mane, tail and legs. Eight shares, forty dollars, give him a body. The Dakota missionary for whom the young people are at work makes the following report: 'Condition of things to-day in the missionary stable: Directly over the manger are the horse's nose and mouth from Connecticut. Two ears, one eye, a neck with a fine mane, from New Hampshire. Standing in the stall, ready to start as soon as they have a body to carry, are right fore leg, New Hampshire, left fore leg and two hind legs from Connecticut. Undoubtedly this much needed animal will soon be articulated and at work on my field.'"

The missionary's faith was justified and her usefulness doubled. The animal, thus produced, proved to be docile and patient, as a missionary horse should be, and many young eyes were scanning every number of the magazine to follow its missionary wanderings.

The foregoing are but samples of her editorial method. She told only the truth when she said, "I have no experience as an editor but I know the people and I think I know what they want." On another occasion to a company of Boston ladies she declared, with great earnestness, "It is a crime, dear

ladies, to allow so good a thing as home missions ever to become uninteresting." For eight years as the Society's editor, and in every number of the magazine, she labored to clear her own garments from the reproach of that crime, and whatever may have been thought or said of her methods, it was freely conceded that they were amazingly successful for the object they had in view. Most of the readers of the magazine, being life members, receive it without cost. But the members of paying subscribers reached the highest point during the years of Mrs. Caswell's service as editor, advancing from 1,700 in 1884 to 4,500 in 1890, and testimonies were received from all parts of the land to a new and ever-spreading interest in the work of the Society.

One distinct outcome of these years was the birth of a "home missionary literature." To Mrs. Caswell is due almost wholly the inception of this important movement. Many of the articles published in the magazine, proving of permanent value, were issued in leaflet form for general use, especially concert exercises and missionary programs. The rapid increase of State Unions at this time created a demand for such literature, a demand which she had clearly foreseen and was prepared to supply. And thus a new department was

created which has since grown to vast proportions, requiring a room to itself and a clerk occupied almost exclusively in filling the orders received by every mail from all parts of the land. Friends of the work were so much impressed with the value of this literature that special contributions for its cost were frequently received, and such was the excellence and unsectarian character of the leaflets, that large orders from Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian boards in this country were received and honored, and two, at least, from the missionary boards of Great Britain.

During the last five years of her editorial service she gave much thought to the development of the "Boys' and Girls' Home Missionary Army." This was not her own inception, but she was quick to grasp its significance and promise. General Howard had accepted the position of commander-in-chief. Companies of young volunteers had been gathering in nearly every state until they were numbered by thousands. The bulletins and orders from the commander were an attractive feature. But it was for Mrs. Caswell to make the practical suggestion that the army should observe an annual rally day, in November, when the contributions of the year should be brought in and forwarded to the national treasury. In these

five years the returns to the Society from this source alone averaged $5,000 a year. Enlistment cards, rallying exercises, and other military devices for sustaining the interest of the army, form a distinct and most attractive feature in the *Home Missionary* during all these years.

On an earlier page of this memoir it has been said of Mrs. Caswell that she could do nothing without doing it thoroughly and well. At no time was this habit more conspicuous than during the period of her editorial service. She was wholly given to her work, as the writer is able to testify from daily observation in his own home. There seemed to be no hour of the week when she was not devising some new methods of creating or sustaining the missionary zeal of her readers. By nature she was a "promoter" and would have made the fortune of any advertising agency happy enough to have commanded her services. That these peculiar talents were consecrated to her country and to the Kingdom is cause for profound gratitude.

The Woman's Department of the Home Missionary Society was two years old at the time of Mrs. Caswell's first visit to Saratoga.

It had a singular origin in this, that it was not begun to create a hitherto dormant interest

among women in home missions, but to afford a rallying point for an interest already existing and rapidly growing especially at the West. In New England the New Hampshire Female Cent Association had been established for nearly eighty years, and was doing in quiet ways a significant work for that state. In southern New England the Woman's Home Missionary Association, with headquarters in Boston, was at this time in its third year and was seeking to extend its local auxiliaries to regions west of the Hudson, until it should become a national organization for women.

But even before the Association was created another movement had begun, whose strength and trend were not clearly estimated at the time. As early as 1872 the Minnesota women had organized the first "State Society for Women," so called. Alabama women followed in 1877 with a similar society and during the first five years of the Woman's Association, and while it was yet young and struggling, the women of ten other states—Maine, Michigan, Kansas, Ohio, New York, Missouri, North Dakota, Oregon, Washington and South Dakota, following the lead of Minnesota, organized their State Missionary Societies for Women and were pleading for auxiliary relations with the national home-land societies. The movement

became so pronounced that, in 1883, the Home Missionary Society and the American Missionary Association, while warmly interested in the success of the Boston society, were compelled to organize, each its "Woman's Department" to welcome the multiplying state societies for women both at the East and the West.

At the Women's Meeting in Saratoga, June, 1885 (the date of Mrs. Caswell's first visit), definite action was taken to promote unity of effort between these multiplying state organizations. As one result, and from this date, they took the name of "State Unions" and adopted the policy of helping the existing national societies rather than of forming an independent organization. Eventually, the New Hampshire Cent Institution and the Woman's Home Missionary Association at Boston so modified their constitutions as to come into line with this policy, until the women of the Congregational churches throughout the land presented a united home missionary front for the strengthening of the existing national societies.

Mrs. H. M. Shelton was the first secretary of the Woman's Department and after a valuable service in organizing its work was compelled by failing health to resign at the end of four years. Mrs. Caswell, then fully established as editor, was appointed her successor.



MRS. CASWELL-BROAD, SECRETARY
OF WOMAN'S WORK

Through the pages of the *Home Missionary* she had already made herself the friend and helper of the home missionary women. At their annual meetings she had spoken more than once upon women's work. One address in particular on "Burden Bearers and Their Burden" had made a distinct impression and was widely circulated as a missionary leaflet. Among all the State Unions East and West her name had become familiar and when her appointment as secretary was made known it was hailed as an auspicious omen for the future of woman's work. One prominent worker wrote her, "We have our local leaders and mean to be loyal; but you are now our commander-in-chief at headquarters. Just issue your orders and we shall obey." But she distinctly refused the rôle and would march with the ranks, a fellow-soldier, a trusted counselor and friend.

The first and most imperative duty of the new secretary, in her view, was to visit the field and establish personal relations with the workers. This she did in many successive trips, covering thousands of miles of travel, preparing matter for the *Home Missionary* (of which she was still the editor) on the train, in hotels and boarding-places, speaking every day, helping to organize State Unions and local auxiliaries,

preaching in some pulpit every Sunday and carrying on an enormous correspondence which met her at every stopping-place and which amounted at times to a hundred letters a week.

From these exhausting journeys and labors she would return to the office in New York, *refreshed* in body and mind, to plunge into new schemes of advancing the cause she loved. Her friends regarded her with amazement. It tired them only to think of what she had been through. The secrets of her wonderful endurance were her refusal to be hurried or worried, her ability to economize every spare scrap of time, and her enthusiastic love of the work which made every task a delight and a recreation.

In a series of articles, fourteen in all, entitled, "Notes by the Way: by Mrs. H. M. Union," she records some of her experiences for the readers of the *Home Missionary*. They cover many states, touching missionary conditions on the prairie, in lumber camps and in mines. They are pictures of life as it engraved itself on the impressionable mind of the writer. No more enlightening views of the home missionary situation, its needs, its difficulties and, above all, its promise, have ever been written. When it is remembered that they were caught, as it were, on the wing, with little time to

verify their first impression, the result is so remarkable that one is tempted to add to all her other accomplishments the skill of a trained reporter.

One extract from these papers must suffice, and one which has the value of illustrating her ready tact which she herself would have called merely sympathy and common sense.

"The cattle season was at its height. There were only two hundred people in the town and the houses were very small. They said they could put the preachers up anywhere but I must be entertained at the hotel. It was the only hotel and at the end of a block of buildings consisting of three saloons, three separate gambling halls, one store, and the post office. The board walk in front of this block was always covered with playing cards thrown out by the gamblers after each game, because they could not trust each other to play a second game with the same cards. During the three days of the meeting I was obliged to walk over these cards both in going to and coming from the services. The mud was so deep that I could find no other footing.

"The hotel was crowded with cowboys. The proprietor coolly turned out the belongings of a cowboy and gave me his room. That particular boy occupied a cot, during my stay, in the

hall outside my door. The servants were Chinamen.

"In my room were a bed and two chairs, one of which held the wash-bowl, pitcher, and a small towel. I drew the other chair to the bed and spread my writing materials thereon and went to work. In a few minutes the landlord opened the door without the ceremony of knocking and said:

"'You can have the cowboy parlor for your writing; they are out with the cattle.'

"The parlor was a large room with bare floor, a stove in one corner, a cabinet organ in another, and cots piled up at the sides. There was a table in the center of the room at which I continued my writing.

"At noon I heard a great commotion. The cowboys had come for their dinner. When I heard them coming up to their parlor, their spurs scraping the wooden stairs, and their rough jokes and general jollity, I was tempted to escape, but decided to remain and take the consequences.

"There was a sudden and impressive silence when they beheld a *woman* in their parlor. They stood in the hall looking at me while I kept on writing, taking no notice of them whatever. Suddenly one of them came into the room, walked about, took a seat at the

organ, and began to play 'The Devil's Dream' and other jigs. By the sounds of muffled laughter in the hall, I knew he was trying the effect of dance music on a missionary. Suddenly he turned and looked at me. I said:

"'Will you play again? I am very fond of music and you seem to have it at your fingers' ends.'

"The surprise and laughter of his friends bewildered the boy at first, but he turned again to the instrument and played 'Nearer My God to Thee,' 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus,' and other church melodies.

"When he turned again to me he had a very different expression on his face.

"'Where did you learn those hymns?' I asked.

"'Back East at Sunday school,' he replied. 'I came from a good home.'

"'Tell me,' I said, after some further talk about his home, 'why do the other boys stay out there in the hall?'

"'Because the boss says we can't come in while you are here.'

"'But you came in,' I suggested.

"'Yes, I came in to see what would happen to me.'

"'Please bring in the other boys. I want to talk to them.'

"He did so, and I told them about the meetings and asked them to come that evening. One remarked: 'We heard there were a lot of gospel-slingers in town but we haven't any use for the meetings. It's awful lonesome on the ranches and we want a good time here.'

"'What is your idea of a good time?' I asked.

"'Oh, getting pretty drunk, shooting up the town.'

"'I'm sorry you can't come to the meetings, boys, for I speak to-night and I'm a stranger here. I feel somewhat acquainted with you and it would help me very much if you could be there.'

"'Well, boys,' said the leader, 'if we can help her we'd better go.' And they did come and how they did sing!

"On the last day of my stay these boys invited me to attend a round-up and see them load a train with cattle, after which they presented me with a cowboy quirt of soft leather.

"I ate nine meals with these boys, and however noisy, rude or profane they might be before my entrance, they were always quiet and gentlemanly when I was with them. You will be glad to know that I persuaded my musical cowboy to return to his home in the East, and that his return was an unspeakable comfort to his father and mother."

The growing importance of Women's Work soon made itself manifest at the annual meetings of the Society at Saratoga, Washington, and other cities. In the early years of the movement the women met by themselves while the services of the general meeting were going on. This was a double loss, first to the women, who could not be in both places, and at length to the men, whose curiosity had been excited by interesting reports from the women's meeting. Soon, by common consent, the program of the women was included in the general program of the Convention, and, from that time, they were conceded the best hour of the week and their meeting drew together one of the largest audiences. Mrs. Caswell presided, and quickly established her reputation as a peerless mistress of assemblies.

Everything in her programs was carefully prearranged. Speakers from the field, generally women with a story to tell, were transported hundreds of miles to make a twenty minute talk. Responsive Scripture readings carefully prepared by her hand, printed and distributed through the house, added a marked spiritual tone to the service. Mr. and Mrs. George B. Stebbins, of Brooklyn, presided over the music, frequently rendering gospel hymns with great effect. Mrs. Caswell's introduction

of speakers was specially happy and effective. Standing, as she often did, before the great audience, her arm thrown affectionately about the waist of a timid woman who was trembling with fear before what was often her first attempt at public speech, and bidding in her winning way for the sympathy of the audience, would bring hearers and speakers into instant *rapport* that was helpful to both.

One feature of the Women's Meeting was never omitted—the contribution. Mrs. Caswell was an accomplished money-raiser and magnified her gift on every suitable occasion. No general appeal, however, would do. It was when Mrs. Drake, of Dakota, had told *her story* that Mrs. Caswell sent the boxes through the house and announced four hundred dollars for Mrs. Drake. But when Deacon Tibbets, of Wisconsin, followed and plead for communion services for two of his churches, she did not hesitate to start the boxes again which came back with eighty dollars for Deacon Tibbets. At another of these annual meetings Miss Reitinger tells her story of a Bible reader among the Bohemians, and Mrs. Caswell seizes upon the interest excited to solicit three hundred dollars for the Bible Readers' Home, which is quickly given. At another meeting after Miss Strong has told her story of Spanish work in

New York, Mrs. Caswell proposes a contribution "not less than three hundred dollars" for Miss Strong, and the boxes return with three hundred and fifty-one dollars. So good a thing as home missions was never allowed by her to become uninteresting.

A certain dramatic instinct also was always on the alert for an impressive object lesson. For the Washington meeting she had prepared a patriotic responsive exercise, "*Our Country.*" Of itself, it would have been impressive amid the surroundings of the national capital. But it was made trebly so when, observing the presence of General Howard, the scarred defender of the Union, she invited him to the platform to lead the audience in that exercise. It was one of those happy combinations of effects that could never be forgotten. Fourteen annual meetings of this description made Women's Work the best known feature of Congregational Home Missions.

Her last report but one as secretary opens with these characteristic words:

"Do not be satisfied, my sisters. The proportion of our gifts for missions to the need is illustrated by the story of a young lady who gave a boy a cent and told him to go and buy himself a dinner and a suit of clothes."

I call the words "characteristic" since they

illustrate one trait of character which repeats itself at every stage of her missionary service, —her discontent with the past. Yet if any one had good reason for self-gratulation it was the secretary of Women's Work at the close of fourteen years of continuous service. At the time of her appointment the women of seventeen states were organized for home missions. When she closed her labors, forty-eight states and territories were in line, a threefold increase. When she entered upon her work the women's organizations were contributing less than $10,000 annually to the home-land societies. At the close of her term of service, their annual contributions were about $100,000 to all the societies, of which the Home Missionary Society received $50,000. During the same period the local auxiliaries of the State Unions had grown from a few hundred to nearly six thousand. It was a noble record, not all of it due to her personal agency, but most of it inspired by her own initiative. Yet upon laying down her work not a syllable of self-gratulation escaped her lips. Her only comment is a lament, voiced in the extract quoted above, that so little had been accomplished to reduce the vast disproportion between gifts and needs.

"That which is unfinished," says the Concord philosopher, "is nothing," and a greater than he

has declared, "Forgetting the things that are behind I press forward." Through all the fifty-four years of her missionary labors nothing was more constant or characteristic of Mrs. Broad than her habit of forgetting and pressing forward.

Her farewell words to her fellow workers, spoken at the Detroit meeting in June, 1900, are characteristic of the spirit that ruled her entire life as a missionary.

"I have had fifteen years of experience in this work and I want to say here to-day that the conviction strengthens with the years that if these women's organizations are to become a power for God in this land, we must as officers and members, in heart and life, obey the word of God when he says: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.' Would I had power to write in letters of fire before every woman's organization, every church, every missionary board in America, these words, Seek ye *first*, not the interest of the organization, but the interest of the spiritual Kingdom, and our God will entrust to you abundant means with which to carry out his purpose in the world."

Two months later, August 1, 1900, she was married to Rev. L. Payson Broad, at her sum-

mer cabin, "Bencasson," on the top of Newfane Hill, Vermont, and a few days afterwards her official connection with the Women's Department came to an end.

VI

BENCASSON—A HILLTOP WEDDING—THE MISSIONARY JOURNEYS OF PRISCILLA AND AQUILA

THE news of Mrs. Caswell's coming marriage, made public only a few days before the event, and unsuspected by her closest friends, brought a shock of surprise. Her own view of the approaching change in her life is feelingly told in the following letter:

"My dear Brother and Sister:

"I am about to give you a surprise, it may be a shock, but I will relieve you at once of suspense and put it into plain English. I am going to marry Secretary Broad, of Kansas. There you have it, and you are no more surprised than I am at this new and Heaven-given hope which has come into my life.

"Mr. Broad, who is willing to take me with all my limitations into his heart and home and work, is one of the best men I know, 'strong and gentle, tender and true,' capable of a deep and abiding affection, a man of convictions and courage, and deeply spiritual in every fiber of his being, universally beloved and trusted in Kansas, and cordially appreciated in surrounding states.

"Any woman, who truly loves and is truly loved by such a man and taken into his heart and work, is crowned. Will you not congratulate your sister on this happy change from her lonely, wandering, homeless life to the loving care of such a man?

"Added to this is the tender devotion of his daughter who anticipates the union with delight. One of God's noblemen, a lovely daughter, a home! What richer blessing could a loving Father give to me?"

A letter so heart-revealing might almost shrink, of itself, from the printed page. But it has seemed to me due to many, who loved the writer, that they should be permitted to catch this passing glimpse into one chamber of her heart that was seldom unsealed to the world. "*My lonely, wandering, homeless life.*" The words are touchingly plaintive, and they were true.

Hers was a many-sided nature. Mental gifts, social graces, executive ability, power to rule, a command of assemblies, a genius for sympathy and friendship; all these she had, and held them consecrated to God and to her country. By these alone most people knew and judged her, honored and loved her. But hidden deeply in that strong heart was a domestic instinct that hungered for its home, for its one true mate, and for the sacred companionship of marriage.

This may seem only to be saying that she was a genuine woman. Yet it is much to say of a woman who, for more than fifty years, lived in the public eye, as few others have done, yet never outlived the crowned instinct of womanhood.

The story of Bencasson and the Hilltop Wedding has been so fittingly told by one[1] who, from her earliest childhood, sat at the feet of "Bencasson's Queen" and drank deeply of her missionary spirit, that any attempt to better the narrative would be a failure:

"Mrs. H. S. Caswell, well known through her unique service for home missions and whose name is a household word among Congregationalists West and East, while resting one summer at the quiet little village of Newfane, Vt., twelve miles from Brattleboro, discovered the attractions of the historic spot, known as Newfane Hill. This was once the site of the village which was built at this height of 1,650 feet, for security from Indian depredations.

"Here were the meeting house, court house, academy, red schoolhouse, jail and whipping-post. About seventy-five years ago the villagers took down their houses and moved one

[1] Miss Alice L. White, in *The Congregationalist* of August 9, 1900.

thousand feet below to be near the center of civilized life. To-day not a plank or even a stick of the ruins remain.

"One day, Mrs. Caswell climbed this deserted hilltop, and lo, an unbroken view of mountains, hills and valleys, about the entire horizon! 'For years,' said she, 'I have cherished a vision of a log cabin on just such a summit. I wonder if I have dreamed true at last.'

"On a later visit she met the owner of the land, who was salting his sheep. 'I have seen you coming up this hill pretty often,' he said. 'Why do you come here?'

"'They call me Mrs. View-lover,' she replied, and then confided her desire for a log cabin on a mountain.

"'How much land do you want?' he asked. To which practical question she responded, 'Enough to hold the view.'

"'That would mean about six acres,' he said. 'What would you be willing to pay for it?'

"'What would you ask?'

"'Would twenty-five dollars be too much?' he queried, looking sharply at her.

"'We will seal the bargain on the spot!' she exclaimed. 'But we stand upon the rocky foundation of the earth. There are no trees. What shall I do for logs?'

"'Oh,' said the good man, 'you may have all the logs you want from my spruce grove near by, and I'll not charge you anything for them.'

"Thus were the first and second steps taken.

"At the village, Mrs. Caswell boarded with a family named Benson, whose name interwoven with hers forms that of the cabin—Ben-cas-son. On the evening in question she related her experience of the afternoon. Her host at once responded, 'If you will design a plan and find me a picture of such a cabin, I will cut and draw the logs and have it built by the time you return next summer.' The site was selected, the design provided, and Mrs. Caswell started for a campaign in the West.

"Mr. Benson kept his promise. He felled the trees, drew them to the spot and in the spring began to build. Difficulties accumulated and he secured the assistance of a first-class carpenter. Neither had ever seen a log cabin, and both were more or less perplexed, when a man from far-away Oregon appeared whose business was building log cabins. Never did man receive a heartier welcome. With the aid of his experience the very perfection of a log cabin was erected, twenty feet square, with a pointed roof surmounted by a flagpole from which Old Glory continually waves and battles with the mountain winds. The cabin is built of

unhewn logs, mortised and locked at the corners, the projecting ends being left rough, and covered with a coat of vermilion. The piazza surrounding the cabin is eight feet wide. This is furnished with hammocks and easy chairs in keeping with the restfulness of 'Camp Comfort.'

"The interior is so arranged as to give one large room, twenty feet square, which, by an ingenious arrangement of folding-doors, can be divided at night into four. Here is an old-fashioned fireplace with its ancient crane, from which hangs a quaint, historic teakettle over a pair of antique andirons. The furniture and decorations are largely the gifts of visitors and include unique and interesting articles from the homes of the earliest settlers. Those who could not be prevailed upon to sell these generously presented them. A pair of brass candlesticks and other relics once owned by the family of President Hayes are gratefully appreciated.

"The cabin no longer stands alone upon the hilltop. Through the generosity of friends a barn, dining-hall, and study have been added, each in a separate building, which arrangement secures unobstructed views and breezes through windows opening in all directions.

"The ruins of the mansion once occupied by Eugene Field's grandfather, the locust grove



BENCASSON CABIN, NEWFANE HILL. MRS. CASWELL-BROAD'S SUMMER CAMP.

near that site and the well of deliciously cool water, from which the poet slaked his thirst when a boy, combine to furnish a convenient picnic ground which is freely offered to the public, who come from heated villages below to get a breath of pure mountain air.

"There is unusual excitement at Bencasson to-day. Young people flit here and there, laden with ferns and sweet peas with which they decorate the little home. Over the hearthstone is a bower of beautiful vines and ferns, under which a happy couple are to take the sacred vows of marriage. It may be of interest to our readers to know that the contracting parties are Secretary L. Payson Broad, of Kansas, and Mrs. H. S. Caswell, of New York City.

"*The Wedding*

"From the highest point of observation at Camp Comfort (the cupola of the barn), I have placed myself to attempt to give you a pen-picture of the scene which took place yesterday at Bencasson Cabin.

"A wedding up above the world—its forms and fashions. Just an ideal wedding in an ideal spot and an ideal couple; because they are trying to walk in the footsteps of the Master who came into this world 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'

"The little cabin seemed in wondrous harmony with the event, in its dress of lovely ferns and sweet peas, on the walls, among the logs, everywhere—a perfect bower of nature's loveliness. All so peaceful, quiet and restful. Before the break of day Bencasson's queen was on the eastern piazza with some of the cabinites to see if the King of Day was going to shine. Lo! he appeared in all his glory, tinting the whole horizon with most wondrous beauty, and all day long he shone until he was hidden behind the western hills.

"At high noon the guests on the hilltop, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Eames, Major and Mrs. Chase, all of Newfane, Vt., Rev. and Mrs. Hardy, of Townsend, Vt., Miss S. R. Sage and Mr. R. D. Newton, of Ware, Mass., and Miss Alice L. White, of Montgomery, Ala., entered the cabin and awaited the coming of the bridal party. Miss S. E. Herendeen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., presided at the piano and soon to the strains of the Bridal March from Lohengrin entered the flower girls, Misses Bramhall and Clark, nieces of the bride, strewing sweet peas as they came over the rocks from the study near by. Following them, Miss Broad, daughter of the groom, and Mr. Clark, nephew of the bride. The groom was accompanied by Mrs. Clark, sister-in-law of the bride. Leaning

on the arm of her brother, Dr. Clark, Secretary of the National Home Missionary Society, came the bride, gowned in a simple dress adapted to the rustic environment. The ladies of the bridal party wore dresses in harmony with the decorations.

"The happy pair stood upon the hearthstone of the old-fashioned fireplace, Miss Broad standing with them. Dr. Clark, assisted by Rev. M. F. Hardy, of Townsend, Vt., officiated in a unique and impressive service, and I think every member of the cabin circle felt the solemnity of the occasion. When, with a band of gold, the solemn words were said which made them man and wife and the prayer was offered, not a heart but felt the atmosphere of peace and joy, and might have responded with a loud 'Amen.' Congratulations next. Then followed a substantial New England dinner provided by the hospitality of Mrs. Benson; the dining-room was decorated with bunting and goldenrod.

"After dinner the guests sat on the piazza and enjoyed the panorama of mountains and valleys spread out before them. The few clouds in the sky brought out the mountains, 'God's thoughts piled up for us,' more clearly to view.

"At four o'clock Miss Alice L. White, of the

Montgomery Industrial School, Montgomery, Ala., presided in the cabin at an original and delightful program prepared for the entertainment of the guests. Impromptu speeches from each guest filled the hour. Dr. Clark spoke touchingly of the bride's work under the Home Missionary Society, of her influence from the Atlantic to the Pacific; that the Society felt bereft without the head of the Woman's Department; that her place could not be filled, and probably at present no attempt would be made to fill it; that probably the highest tribute they could pay to Mrs. Caswell was that she had left her work so thoroughly systematized and organized that the women's circles and organizations were strong to stand alone; that they were now looking with high hopes to see what self-supporting Kansas would do under this new relation for the region beyond, and, though bereft, the Society congratulated Secretary and Mrs. Broad and trusted with God's help they would prove that in union there is strength.

"The wedding cake was then cut by the bride and served with ice-cream.

"As the shadows began to lengthen, the guests from the valley took their way down from the hilltop, leaving the cabinites to view the gorgeous sunset alone. The bride and

groom strolled away from the cabin to listen to the vesper service of God's feathered songsters.

"The twilight deepened, the sun dropped down and 'the day was dead.' A serenade on the rocks, and then in the silence God's stars, 'the for-get-me-nots of the angels,' alone watched over the hilltop."

Kansas had come to self-support. By common consent, Mr. Broad, after thirteen years as missionary superintendent, was looked upon as the logical candidate for the office of State Secretary and was the unanimous choice of the churches for the position. He declined, however, to hold the office permanently. In this decision he was probably guided by an intuition, natural and often wise, that a new era may be better served by new leaders, unfettered by tradition. At all events, and in the face of protest, he retired from official connection with the Society soon after his marriage with Mrs. Caswell.

To quote his valedictory estimate of the missionary situation,[1] "Nearly every Congregational Church in the state has been aided by the National Society. Its donations to Kansas, in fifty-four years, have aggregated about three-

[1] "Leavening the Nation," p. 116.

quarters of a million dollars. The investment was wise, for the spiritual fruitage is abundant, ever increasing, and of eternal value; three-fourths of the churches having become self-supporting."

During the few months' residence of Mr. and Mrs. Broad in the state, they were naturally in demand among the churches for counsel and inspiration in the struggle to maintain self-support; to all such calls they loyally responded.

But in the East, certain friends of Mrs. Broad were not content with the prospect of her final withdrawal from her country-wide service of the previous fifteen years. Her ability and success had been proved and were remembered. One of these friends, with ample means, whose identity has never been fully revealed, was happily inspired with an idea on which she acted. Quietly and anonymously, she pledged the necessary funds to cover the traveling expenses of Mr. and Mrs. Broad to journey East, West, and South among the churches, and in ways that should seem wise unto themselves, to stimulate home missionary interest and endeavor.

The plan was unique, and in Congregational home missions, at least, without precedent. Uncommissioned, unadvised, unrestrained, un-

supported by any missionary board, Priscilla and Aquila, "helpers in Christ Jesus," set forth one morning, foot-free to go whither they would, to stay where they pleased, to attempt whatever they deemed best, and for six continuous years, interrupted only by seasons of summer rest, to roam the country over—yet never by one breach of tact, never by a single act of untempered zeal, to stir the faintest breath of complaint or criticism; on the contrary, to win the growing approval and gratitude of churches, pastors, missionary superintendents and committees, even down to the hour when the fatal seizure of Aquila and the consequent prostration of his wife brought their journeys and labors to an end;—a chapter in home missions which, if its story could be told day by day and even hour by hour, would possess a rare and thrilling interest.

All the deeper therefore must be the regret that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Broad were kindly disposed towards the keeping of diaries. They have left no record of experiences which might have added a new chapter to the Acts of the Apostles. Glimpses of these wonderful days may be caught in the missionary literature prepared on the road and distributed among the churches; but for the most part it lacks that personal touch we so much crave.

Once, at least, during their summer days at Bencasson, Mr. Broad persuaded his wife to set down some of the facts of this and other chapters of her life-work for some future biographer. He looked forward himself to being that biographer. Such notes were made, have been seen and handled by living friends and are well remembered; yet every trace of them has vanished. Probably, during the second summer following his death, her last summer at Bencasson, under the impulse of that "temperamental reserve" noted in an earlier chapter and which inspired her distaste for autobiography, she destroyed these priceless notes.

Once only, in a letter to a very near friend,[1] who asked for information, she explains how she and her husband came to be volunteer missionaries: "*November 5, 1905*—Let me tell you first of all that Mr. Broad and I are under no society. When I married him I resigned my position in the Home Missionary Society. When Mr. Broad brought Kansas to self-support he was no longer under that Society.

"We are both volunteer workers now, without salary. A friend of mine, much interested in home missions, offered to pay our traveling expenses if we would go all over the country talking home missions.

[1] Mrs. E. R. Gould.

"We accepted the offer in 1902, and have been going ever since from one end of the land to the other on this errand. We place ourselves under the guidance of the State Superintendent and Missionary Committee of each state, who make an itinerary for us where they think we can do the most good. We follow that itinerary closely, giving one month to a state. We always wait for an invitation. Thus far we have had more invitations than we could meet.

"We are no expense to any church or society. We take no collections but urge the people to give in their own way at the regular time. We are greatly pleased with messages from pastors that contributions have been increased by our visits. We pray for that and for the spiritual uplift of the people.

"I have a small income that provides us with clothes, but our wants are simple in this line and we get along.

"Our greatest expense has been the literature. But while the urgent demand for these printed letters and booklets continues, we have been obliged to keep them going. Last year, we had to put $150 of our own money into the literature fund, in addition to that contributed by friends."

The literature referred to was a distinct and notable feature of their remarkable work. It

consists chiefly of printed letters made up of their observations in a given state, during a thirty days' visit. These observations are enlightening, informing, and, while truthful to existing conditions, are always hopeful and optimistic. Many of the letters and booklets were published by Mr. Thomas Todd of Boston, though not all of them. From his books, it appears that 41,600 copies were issued by his press alone at a cost of about $800. A small price was charged to those who preferred to buy but great numbers were distributed free, and the cost, above sales, was met by friends who believed in sowing light.

These monthly bulletins, though for the most part impersonal, reveal something of the amazing extent of their wanderings. Their itineraries cover most of New England and the Middle States, California, Oregon and Washington; Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan; Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado; the two Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming and Idaho; Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Oklahoma; New Mexico and Arizona, Florida and Texas, Georgia and Alabama. To several states named they paid more than one visit, and the South claimed a special share of their time, on the ground, not only of its need, but of what they regarded as its great promise.

Their coming was heralded in advance. Great audiences gathered to listen to their message. Their unofficial standing, yet, at the same time, their thorough loyalty to the Society, its officers and superintendents, appealed strongly to the interest and confidence of the people. As they divided the work between them, it was Mr. Broad's part to present the home missionary argument, which he could do in a convincing manner. He was a Christian patriot, who believed that the United States belongs to Jesus Christ and he was never tired of enforcing this truth. He was a prophet, as well, with visions of a land purified and redeemed by united Christian effort. Then, following him came Mrs. Broad with telling incidents illustrating and clinching the arguments of her husband and told in her most winning manner.

Such a combination proved singularly effective. Either alone would have been incomplete. An inverted order, even, would have lacked effect. But an audience put first on thought by an appeal to reason, then, electrified by vivid pictures, confirming the same truth to the eye, was an audience convinced and ready for action.

While most of the literature of these campaigns was of a general character, now and

then a personal touch adds to their interest, while it deepens our regret that so many treasures of the same kind must remain forever unrevealed.

From Western Massachusetts she writes: "The meeting with the ladies in the afternoon at Moore's Corner was an inspiration. This service was followed by a season of social intercourse. Reluctantly I was forced to decline a cordial invitation to tea at a charming home in the valley, which required a descent and a consequent ascent of that high hill then covered with ice and snow. I decided to remain alone in the church during the interim between the services while Mr. Broad accepted the invitation for us both.

"He and the thoughtful pastor made me as comfortable as possible in an easy chair with a table near at hand upon which they placed the lighted pulpit lamp and some reading matter. They then left me.

"There was naturally a slight sense of the unusual—alone in a large, empty church standing by itself on a high hill, but I soon became absorbed in reading the papers so thoughtfully provided for me.

"Suddenly my light went out! There was no moon and the dense darkness could be felt.

I had no matches, but reflected that matches without oil would be an aggravation. There was no other lamp within reach.

"Sitting there in the darkness, certain words read long ago came to my thought. 'Try, every day, to find time to sit alone with God.' This came as a sweet message to my soul, for was not this my golden opportunity to sit alone with God and in his own house!

"And so, in that hour of enforced quiet, I had the opportunity so difficult to secure in the pressure of our busy life to hold very close communion with God. Thus the hour of darkness passed blessedly away, and the church on the hill at Moore's Corner will always be a sacred memory.

"Suddenly a footstep outside! Is it the step of a tramp, a burglar, or the sexton? Of course it was the sexton, who had come to light up for the evening service. I think I gave that good man a start which he is likely to remember. For out of the darkness I said, 'Good-evening, sir.' He stopped an instant and then moved on in silence lighting all the lamps. When everything was ready for the evening service, he remarked quietly, 'I guess it was rather lonesome sitting here all alone in the dark.'

"I don't know why those dear people climbed that icy hill for that evening service, but their

earnest faces and hearty response to our messages gave us courage to go on."

From the upper peninsula of Michigan: "The next morning, chilled to the bone, we were taken in an open sleigh to the railroad station half a mile away. The thermometer was eighteen degrees below zero, and the wind cut like a knife. I confess that this air, fresh from the ice surface of Lake Superior, was not 'an ecstasy to breathe.' How we longed to reach the station and the fire!

"Alas! the little station was deserted. The windows were broken and the door was wide open. The 'beautiful snow' carpeted the floor several inches deep, and the seats were upholstered with a thick cushion of the same delicate material. Secretary Warren assured us that we would not often be accommodated with upholstery fresh from Heaven, even in hospitable Michigan. The train was belated, and it seemed doubtful whether it could weather the drifts and reach us there. No house in sight, and my missionary zeal falling to the zero point.

"Our indefatigable guide made an exploring expedition along the track and found a car half buried in the snow which some men were digging out. There was a small fire in the car.

With grateful hearts we waded through the snow on the track and occupied that car until the arrival of our train.

"We held several meetings in this part of the state after which we crossed the Straits of Mackinaw and watched our steamer crush the ice as she plowed her way through.

"At one home missionary church we had a unique experience with an enthusiastic people. The service began late and was kept up until after ten o'clock at night without the slightest appearance of weariness on the part of the people. At ten-thirty the pastor decided to take an offering and raise the home missionary apportionment of that church. The amount to be raised was twenty-five dollars. He used the blackboard method and raised twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents. This church had no woman's missionary society. At a later date when we were obliged to stay over in that town on our way to another, what was our surprise, as our train pulled in, to find the station occupied by a company of ladies who gave us a warm welcome and informed us that they had secured permission from the ticket agent to hold a meeting in the waiting-room that they might be organized into a missionary society. Our train being twenty minutes late I was able to talk one hour to that earnest

company and then and there the society was organized."

From New Mexico: "In the evening the parents crowded the schoolroom. When all the seats were taken, the women sat upon the floor, and the men remained standing through the entire service. Superintendent Heald interpreted our addresses. Although there was not a Protestant in the audience they gave close and respectful attention to our words. With the use of a large map of the United States Mr. Broad tried to give those people some idea of this country. Their ignorance of the world outside their adobe village is astonishing. An American once lectured to these people upon the stars. As they passed out they were heard to say, 'What liars these Protestants are.' Although the people appeared to enjoy Mr. Broad's lecture and examined the map with much apparent interest, I could seem to hear them say, as they passed out, 'What liars these Protestants are.'"

From the heart of the Ozark region in Missouri: "The evolution of a student is something to be remembered. Young men and women enter school unkempt, half clothed, with very little visible evidence of brain power or

promise of scholarship, yet almost from the beginning prove that they have brains and are willing to use them. The face soon lights up and the work is done with avidity. Not a few of these unpromising students have completed the Academy course with honor. You cannot put a chicken back into its shell, nor can these young people ever return to the narrow, humdrum, aimless lives in which their parents have lived.

"One boy of the Iberia region had no money, no friends to help him and apparently no marked ability, being a very crude product of the Ozark. Principal Smith had a friendly talk with this boy one day and induced him to come to the Academy for one term. To the boy this opportunity meant simply a business advantage for himself. He was utterly poor, but by securing small jobs kept himself from starvation while pursuing his studies. One part of his wardrobe was a leather strap. He was able to take breakfast at the Academy club. But at dinner time he tightened the strap to crush the pangs of hunger and at supper time he drew it still tighter, thus living on one meal a day. Having lived through one term he decided to stay another, Leading citizens of Iberia remonstrated with Principal Smith for keeping this boy in school.

"'What's the use?' they said. 'That boy ought to be at work getting a decent living; you are imposing upon him.'

"At the end of the year the boy manifested some desire for higher education. The principal urged him to prepare for college. Finally he entered upon his second year of preparation, graduated at the Academy with honor and entered college.

"With energy and self-sacrifice he worked his way through, standing high in his class, after which he entered the Theological Seminary, and being graduated there, returned to Iberia and preached one Sunday morning. The whole town turned out to hear him, including the leading citizens who were doubtful as to the wisdom of his studying. After service these men came to Principal Smith, and expressing great pride in their young citizen, acknowledged their mistake in the beginning of his career. This young man is now pastor of a large church on the Pacific Coast."

Once only during these busy years was her active life seriously threatened. Tens of thousands of miles she had traveled by rail and by team in safety, yet always conscious of her liability to accident and sickness. But it was during their winter campaign in Minnesota,

while conducting a series of meetings at Rochester, that the wholly unexpected happened.

Leaving her room at the hotel, between daylight and dark, for an appointment at the church, she miscalculated the distance of the stairs leading down into the street, and without a second's warning was precipitated from top to bottom of a steep flight of stone steps. Her husband and others hastened to her help and bore her back to her chamber bleeding and partially stunned. Happily no bones were broken. The skull had escaped injury, though the scalp was cruelly torn from brow to crown. Her chief peril came from the nervous shock. All appointments were canceled and for several weeks she was shut in as an invalid, tenderly nursed by her husband and surrounded by sympathizing friends.

Again, as often before, her inherited vitality came to her help, and her brave spirit of hope never deserted her. Dr. Merrill, State Secretary of Minnesota, writes of her: "The accident at Rochester would have driven from the field a woman of less heroic mould, but to her it came as included in the 'day's work,' and only gave opportunity to show what consecration and service meant to her."

On the day when she started out once more

to redeem lost time and make new appointments her recovery appeared to be complete. But to many of her closest friends it is to-day more than a fear that this severe experience weakened her vital force, and left her less able than she otherwise might have been to face the crushing blow that was to bring her missionary service and her life to an end.

The reader who cares to follow this life story to the end will find in its closing chapter some remarkable testimonials from home missionary secretaries and superintendents. Their warmth may demand here a word of explanation.

Between Mrs. Broad and the field agents of the Society there sprang up, quite early in their acquaintance, an attachment which ripened rapidly into mutual devotion. To her the superintendent was one of her "boys," and to them she was at first "Mother Caswell" and later "Mother Broad." These terms were used not in pleasantry but as tokens of a sincere mutual regard.

Probably no man in home missionary service, not even the missionary pastor, has deeper need or stronger craving for human sympathy than the field superintendent. He is a lone watchman on the walls of a wide territory. Upon him falls the watch and care of churches,

the selection of wise and spiritual pastors, the settlement of critical problems, altogether constituting an ever-growing burden of responsibility, too heavy at times to be borne alone. True, he is the choice of a missionary board whose confidence is assured by his appointment, but a board far away and necessarily lacking that personal touch with him and his work, which he so craves. Even the visiting secretary comes to him as an official and is himself a servant of the same impersonal board. The conditions of perfect sympathy therefore are, to a degree, lacking or at least hampered in their expression.

Mrs. Broad, on the contrary, came to them neither as an official nor as a servant. Her sole mission was to bring cheer and comfort. God had gifted her not only with a wealth of sympathy but with a power of expressing it which amounted to genius. To her the superintendent opened his heart intuitively. Her experience as a missionary in hard places made her competent not only to feel with him, but to solve some of his difficulties. All this made inevitably for gratitude, personal confidence, and mutual devotion, which grew with every visit, and between visits were maintained by frequent correspondence, until to the writer at least there are few things in home missionary

experience that seem more beautiful, more idyllic, than the comradery which grew up between Mrs. Caswell-Broad and her field brethren —a partnership and fellowship which strengthened to the last and was severed by death, only to linger fondly in memory, until they shall be renewed in the Great Beyond. Is any one thing more sure of immortality than the fellowship of Christian service on earth?

The early days of each summer saw the Broads settled at Bencasson. She never ceased to bless the day that first led her to the top of Newfane Hill. Standing upon the broad rock outside her cabin door she could number and name forty little hills and loftier mountains studding the entire horizon. "*The mountains shall bring peace and the little hills by righteousness.*" Peace she sought and here she found it among the hills. She never tired of their company. Their steadfast strength seemed to feed her own.

Here, too, came others bearing on their faces the marks of Christian service, and to all such Bencasson opened wide its welcoming doors. The summer family was particularly congenial and mutually restful. Each day began with worship and was divided between domestic duties, social readings, amusements and repose.

All were seeking the same thing—a fresh supply of spiritual and physical vigor for the better service of the same Master. It was a happy family, but never a selfish one.

For twelve successive years, on an August Sunday, Mrs. Broad threw open the six acres of her summer home for a Gospel Meeting. Printed notices were sent out to all the neighboring churches, and before three o'clock in the afternoon the procession of teams began to appear at the top of the Hill. These gatherings numbered at times from six hundred to eight hundred of the country people. Only a few could be accommodated with chairs. Many remained in their carriages which formed a wide circle about the pulpit rock, and by far the larger number sat or stretched themselves upon the ground. The program of speakers and singers had always been prepared with care. Mrs. Broad as hostess always presided and her husband led the devotions. On one occasion Gen. O. O. Howard made the address. Neighboring pastors took a frequent part. Mr. and Mrs. Chafer, singing evangelists from Buffalo, rendered inspiring gospel hymns. Miss S. E. Herendeen, of Brooklyn, presided at the organ. Miss J. B. Dickinson, the accomplished professor of music at Mt. Holyoke College, whose summer home was near by, more than

once lent her valued aid in song. Salvation Army speakers and Halleluiah lasses took a part. The tone of the meeting was sometimes strongly evangelistic, at other times missionary and again patriotic. These meetings on Newfane Hill became widely popular and proved of value spiritually and socially to the people of the surrounding towns. The audience sometimes represented more than twenty neighboring villages.

It was not easy always to secure the desired speaker or singer from a distance. But no meeting ever failed from that lack. Mr. and Mrs. Broad were charged to the full with missionary experience always available. Their daughter, Miss Harriet A. Broad, officially connected with the Young Women's Christian Association of Illinois, could respond at a moment's notice, and Miss Alice L. White, after years of service among the blacks of the South, was never without interesting material for an address. And as for music, the multitude could wake the very hills with a congregational chorus.

On one week-day of the season there was another gathering on the Hill of profound interest to the young people. In one of her early visits to Newfane, Mrs. Broad had organized a company of the Boys' and Girls' Home

Missionary Army in the village church. Chiefly by her efforts it had been kept alive, and when Bencasson was opened she devoted one summer day each season to an Army reunion on the Hilltop. It was a social occasion rather than a formal gathering. The exercises were simple; the collections of the year, earned and contributed by the children, were reported and voted away to different missionary objects. Then the hours were given up to outdoor games, in which old and young took part, until summoned to the veranda for cake and ice-cream. How well she knew and remembered that one such day in a child's life is never forgotten, and may bear fruit in middle and old age!

In all this is another proof, if another is needed, that Mrs. Broad was always, everywhere, and, above all other things, "the *missionary*." Even in her hours of rest her spirit of service could not rest. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Closely following the Master, her Father's business came first; the welfare of others became her own welfare. It was no fatigue but actual refreshment thus to minister to the children of Newfane and the people of the countryside. She had mastered one profound secret: "Never to belong to one's self, that is the way never to be tired."

Early in each September, Priscilla and Aquila turned their faces again towards the West and South. There was nothing in the fall of 1907 to forewarn them that the end of happy days at Bencasson was at hand.

Their first stop that year was at Cleveland and the National Council where both of them made addresses. Their next point was in the Panhandle of Texas, newly opened to the farmers. Another month found them in the far Northwest making missionary tours in the Dakotas, Montana, and Wyoming until early spring, when Georgia and Alabama claimed them. It had been a strenuous winter of hard work and constant exposure from which Mrs. Broad had suffered more than her husband. The Georgia campaign, however, was now well over, their baggage was packed, and all preparations completed for a start the next day for a month in Florida.

Dr. and Mrs. Sherrill, of Atlanta, were making a farewell call at their room. Conversation was cheerful in which Mr. Broad was taking his usual part, when suddenly his right hand dropped to his side and he was seen to be falling from his chair. Dr. Sherrill who was nearest saved him from the fall. A physician was hastily summoned who pronounced the seizure a severe one, leaving the right side of

the body paralyzed. From that hour for five weeks the strong man lay helpless, speechless, yet conscious, in the Presbyterian Hospital of Atlanta, until a second attack on the twelfth of March brought his singularly useful life to an end.

To Mrs. Broad the shock of this experience, enfeebled as she then was by a recent attack of grippe, may be easily imagined. The five weeks of loving care and anxiety in the hospital made a further draft upon her depleted strength, and when she reached Massachusetts with the body of her husband for burial at Natick, the strong woman, whose exuberant health had for years been the wonder of her family and friends, was seen to be a feeble and almost tottering invalid.

Yet even thus through the darkness of these tragic hours she could catch flashes of light in the cloud: "Our Father knows why this has come to me. There is a blessing hidden in the trial. I hope I shall never forget the loving kindness which made it as light as possible. He was not on the street. We were not in the cars, nor on the frontier where we had just been. I was not sick in bed. It happened in Atlanta where we had many friends who surround us with kindness. Oh, how merciful!"

Lewis Payson Broad was born in Ashland, Massachusetts, in December, 1840,—being the third of six children. His parents were of the old New England stock. His father, Lewis Broad, was a railroad contractor, widely known in his day in business circles and identified with some of the earliest railroad projects of the country, particularly in the West. Both of his parents were active Christians and his mother was one of the most godly of women. In 1850 the family removed to Canton, Ohio, and in 1851 to Chicago. There, at the age of twelve, Lewis publicly confessed Christ by uniting with the Plymouth Congregational Church.

At the age of sixteen, for one year, he had unusual responsibilities placed upon him in connection with his father's business; but since from a child he had the ministry in view, he went in 1856 to Natick, Massachusetts, where he fitted for college and entered Yale in 1859. Poor health compelled him to leave college in 1861 and he again engaged in business with his father, first in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and afterwards in New England, as a member of the firm of Broad and Ward, Railroad Contractors.

In 1869 the father and son disposed of their interest in the business, and in 1870 Mr. Broad, having regained his health, went with his wife

and their infant daughter to Andover to resume his studies for the ministry. He entered the junior class in Andover Theological Seminary in November of that year and in July, 1871, Mrs. Broad passed from earth. Anew the stricken husband felt that his life must be devoted to gospel work. Graduating at Andover in 1873, he began his ministry at Baldwinsville, Massachusetts, organizing the church there which now has for its edifice the Goodell Memorial Church.

After remaining in Baldwinsville three and one-half years, Mr. Broad, in 1877, went to Kansas and for six years, until 1883, was pastor of the Congregational Church of Paola, in that state. In the fall of 1883 he was called to the work of state evangelist of the American Home Missionary Society in Kansas. He labored in that capacity for four years, until January 12, 1888, when, in accordance with the unanimous choice of the Kansas Home Missionary Society, he was appointed Superintendent for Kansas, a position which he held with increasing success for the next thirteen years, until the state came to self-support, largely through his wise administration.

Few men have served their God and country with a purer heart or more single eye. His life was a well-spring of Christian joy and the

memory of that buoyant spirit abides in the churches of his beloved Kansas and in the heart of many a discouraged pastor to whom he has ministered hope and cheer.

VII

THE VALLEY WITHOUT THE SHADOW

AT the time of her return to Boston after the burial of her husband, Mrs. Broad was entering her seventy-fifth year. The sight of one eye had been lost by cataract and the other was dimmed by the same disease. To her friends it appeared sadly evident that she would never be able to resume her missionary labors, but not so to her. Her faith in the healing of Bencasson was still strong, and she believed that the coming summer among the hills would restore her strength sufficiently to complete the interrupted campaign at the South.

To her friend, Mrs. E. R. Gould, she thus writes, in April, 1908: "I have a room on Ashburton Place where I expect to stay until I start for our camp in Vermont. I wanted so much to return at once to the South, after the funeral, and go on with the work we had planned; but was not able. I hope, however, after breathing the mountain air a while to be able to go South in the fall." Her hope was so strong that her friends, who knew something of

her rallying power, began to share her confidence. Indeed, the first week at Bencasson seemed to give her a new life. The summer months brought her comfort and some access of strength. But for the first time in her life one of her buoyant hopes was to fail of fulfilment. The springs of life were low, too low for the mountain air even to revive. She returned to Boston in September, not for a journey southward, but for a winter of medical treatment and semi-invalidism.

Her daily companions during these months of feebleness were her sister, Mrs. Bramhall, whose home was in Dorchester, or her niece, Miss Carrie Bramhall, the latter at such times as she could be spared from regular service in a city office. Their Dorchester house was open to the invalid at any time as a permanent home; but at this particular time the medical treatment on which her life depended could be had only in Boston.

At her room in Ashburton Place and later at the Commonwealth Hotel friends were welcome and came in numbers to give and receive cheer. Occasionally, one of her "boys" from the West, passing through the city, would bring her his blessing and take away with him a richer benediction. Superintendent Parker, of Oklahoma, thus writes of one such interview: "I

saw Mrs. Broad in Boston not many months before her death, and I did enjoy my visit with her. We chatted and played games and talked over the old times and the new. She was one of a thousand. Such lives as Mother Caswell make earth a sweeter place to live in and enrich Heaven by their transplanting."

A severe attack of grippe in winter aggravated a weak action of the heart which had troubled her at various times for some years. Yet she rallied sufficiently in June to make her last trip to Bencasson. To her sister and brother-in-law who accompanied her it was an anxious journey and almost too much for their invalid. But her foot no sooner touched the top of Newfane Hill than the healing miracle began, and in a few days she was almost like her old self.

But there was no talk now of a return to the West or South, no open air meeting in August, no rally of the Boys' and Girls' Home-land Circle on the cabin veranda. She who had so long and so freely spent and been spent for others was reduced to the need of caring for herself. For her it was a new experience and a novel sight to her friends.

Coming down from the Hill, in September, 1909, she yielded to the persuasion of her sister and went directly to the home in Dorchester.

Here, in a large sunny room, she was comfortably settled and the last stage of her many journeys began.

I find it quite impossible to associate the months which followed with any thought of death as a terror. The dread tokens of dissolution were there, but stripped of their dread. The weak heart revealed itself in her slow movements from room to room and in her deliberate ascent and descent from story to story. Her failing vision was apparent when she tried to read or in the recognition of her callers. But her mind retained all its acuteness; her memory of events and friends remained perfect; her laugh had the same old silvery ring. In the family she was a beloved and revered companion, interested in the daily life of the house and sharing the evening games with a zest that never abated.

She may have tired more easily, she may have slept more lightly, her breath may have been shorter, but it would be a wrong to her memory to say that she did not enjoy every moment of her life to the very last. Her playful humor, always so characteristic, was still unclouded. She was forbidden by her doctor to write letters, and her sister was engaged to see the rule enforced. Therefore she commences a letter to a specially dear friend: "Be-

loved, I am forbidden to write, so I take the occasion in my sister's absence to tell you ——" At the close of a four-page letter, closely written, she adds: "But you know I am forbidden to write letters and so I must close." When this violation of rules was discovered she would laughingly confess to it. All her life she had been accustomed to make rules for others; she could not take seriously a rule made for herself.

On the day but one before the last, with great glee and painfully fluttering breath, she recalled to the writer some of their early escapades together, and laughed as heartily as her strength would permit.

Was this the chamber of death? Well she knew herself to be facing a great emergency, the last of a series of such emergencies of which her life had been full. She had met them all with dauntless courage, had never suffered a defeat and she faced her last enemy undismayed. She knew herself to be walking in the valley of death leading down into the "Great Silence"; but the valley had no shadow and the Silence no dread. She was like a schoolgirl on the last day of the term, all preparations for the home-going complete, and waiting, just waiting now, with pleasant thoughts, for the coming of

the carriage. And to her latest conscious moment this was her unvarying attitude.

What she saw in the brief interval of coma, who can tell! Her brother-in-law, watching her face at the moment when the breath failed, saw her countenance light up with a flash of unearthly radiance. Was it the light of recognition reflected from some loved and glorified face—or was it a chance ray of

"The light that never was on sea or land"?

Who shall say?

VIII

THE PORTRAIT

THE story of a life, told, as it must be told, in sections and chapters, comes to resemble the confused fragments of some picture-puzzle, which must be put together with care and patience to reveal their hidden meaning. Mrs. Broad's life story is told, and whether well told or ill told, it remains now to fit the broken parts together and to discover, from the picture they form, what manner of woman she was.

We shall not err if we choose for the master-key of our portrait her indomitable hopefulness. Many have seen her sad but none have seen her despairing. She was a born optimist, and, like all optimists, had her dreams; dreams that quickly ripened into hopes; hopes that were patiently transmuted into deeds, and by deeds her fairest dreams were realized.

For this buoyant temperament she was indebted to her father. While yet a boy in his teens, he had a dream of college and a professional career. The vision cherished became a

hope which his father sought in all ways to discourage, even claiming his time until twenty-one on the farm. But the boy never gave up his hope. Riding on the tongue of his ox-cart he solved most of the problems of Euclid and mastered the Latin grammar, and when the day of freedom came he walked from Ponds to Amherst, entered the Academy there as student and janitor, worked his way through college and incidentally to the top of his class and the valedictory. Before his indomitable hopefulness barrier after barrier went down and his early dream was realized. In the last years of his life, he had another dream; the vision of a Congregational Library, where the early and later literature of the denomination should be gathered and safeguarded for future generations. From the moment of this vision he seldom took a missionary journey through the state without searching the cellars and attics for Pilgrim memorials. Many such were found, which became the nucleus of the beautiful library which has its home to-day under the roof of the Congregational House, on Beacon Street, where nothing of value in Congregational history is lacking. There his portrait hangs, that of its founder and first custodian.

Like father, like daughter. The mental process of both was the same. She saw in

vision a desired end; cherishing the vision, she believed in its attainment. She acted on her belief and realized her dream. Vision, hope, action, victory,—such is the short story of everything remarkable which she was permitted to achieve.

When to many the pagans of Newtown seemed hopelessly brutal, wholly irredeemable, not to her did they so appear. She hoped for better things and in ten years saw her hope realized. When nearly all Boston shunned the North End as a plague spot, when, in the judgment of its most charitable citizens, the women of Ann Street were hopelessly fallen, "one slip, marred for life," she saw in the blackest marble an imprisoned angel. Again and again she was told that not one lost woman had ever been reclaimed from that infested district. She hoped for better things and brought them to pass. At times she was deceived and bitterly disappointed, but even when hope was against hope, she never despaired.

The story of Eliza, furnished by a friend,[1] illustrates the patience of her hope. "When Mrs. Caswell was engaged in mission work at the North End, Rev. Dr. Kirk, who was blind at that time, used to lend his encouragement and assistance, and she used to lead him to the

[1] Miss Eliza E. Simmons.

mission. One day as they approached the house, they met a haggard, wretched-looking specimen of young womanhood. 'Why are you going away?' said Mrs. Caswell. 'You had better be going the other way.' 'They have turned me out,' she said. 'They won't have me. They say I am too bad.' 'Who dares limit the grace of God?' exclaimed Dr. Kirk. Each gave her an arm and led her back to the waiting-room. There they talked and prayed with her and she was converted. 'We know she is a Christian,' the other girls said; 'we have tried to make her mad and we can't.' When Mr. and Mrs. Caswell had their home for a while at West Newton, they took Eliza and another girl as housemaids and never was a more loving service more gratefully rendered." But alas, one day Eliza, after a long period of abstinence, was sent to Boston on an errand and fell. The odor of whiskey at every city corner was too much for her. "It was like fire in my veins," she said. She returned intoxicated, hardened and stubborn. Here was an instance of the kind, often quoted, that a woman once fallen is beyond redemption. For days she remained obdurate and discouraged. At the suggestion of the friend who furnishes the incident, her case was taken to the ladies' prayer-meeting, but only one woman

besides Mrs. Caswell and her friend had faith enough even to pray for her. In a few days Eliza came to herself in deep humiliation and sorrow. "And now," said she, "while I am on my knees, bring that pledge and let me sign it here." She signed and kept it, and another lost jewel of God was snatched, as it were, from the swine's snout, by the loving hand of a patient hope.

During the years of Mrs. Caswell's home missionary service nothing so roused her spirit as the note of pessimism which would sometimes creep into a missionary address. Indignantly she challenged that note and made the man or woman, guilty of sounding it, ashamed. With her whole soul she had faith in the future of her country, and in the leavening power of the Gospel. To doubt either was in her view an act of treason.

On one occasion when she happened to be present in the audience, a dyspeptic preacher sang a doleful jeremiad to his people on the sins and follies of the times. The picture was black as night, without one ray of hope. She listened indignantly and stopped after the service to interview the preacher. "You, a minister of good news, ought to be ashamed to preach such a sermon." "But, my sister, my sister, isn't it all true?" "Perhaps," said she,

"and it is true that the sun has spots, but you don't preach to your people that it has ceased to give light and life. Preach light, brother, preach hope! Why preach dark spots and despair?"

With the home missionary wives and mothers, despairing of all good, she dealt more gently; she knew their trials and disappointments and she always left them inspired with new hopes. She would sit down with a discouraged missionary in his study and make him feel that his little church was the hope of coming generations; she broadened his horizon, ennobled his work, rekindled his faith, and when she passed on, he thanked God as for an angel's visit. So many testimonies of the kind have come to the writer's knowledge that he feels justified in saying no tongue can tell how many fainting hands have been lifted, and how many feeble knees strengthened, by that bracing hopefulness which seemed to envelop her like an atmosphere. "On her very face," says one, "was written the word, Helper," and others who have followed on the track of her missionary tours tell of men and women and even children who cannot speak her name or hear it spoken without a kindling of the eye. Did this constant outpouring of sympathy weary her? Never apparently; for it never had to be forced; it

rose spontaneously to the slightest demand and gushed forth as naturally and unweariedly as the spring among the hills.

The world owes much to its optimists. When we stop to think of it, what explorer or reformer, what inventor or missionary, has achieved anything of value to the world, who did not dwell much apart among his ideals and hopes, until like Paul, like Columbus, like Luther, like Morse, he had transmuted them into the substance of things hoped for? The subject of this memoir, in her own sphere, was a humble follower of the great optimists of history and had her share in their dreams, hopes, and victories.

No portrait would be complete that did not include her keen sense of beauty. The hard conditions of a roving missionary life would seem almost fatal to the nurture of an artistic temperament, even where it existed. They never were so with her. A thing of beauty was a joy wherever she met with it, whether a shell or a bird, a fern or a flower, a tree, a hill or a sunset. And where she found no beauty she created it. Her various living-rooms, and she had many in her nomadic life, were adorned with exquisite taste. Bare walls were a torture. She could neither sit, sleep nor work between such walls until she had hidden their

bareness with pictures. Then, when her eye was soothed with the proper blend of colors, when her artistic taste, her delicate sense of arrangement and proportion were satisfied, she was ready for her work. During most of her life she possessed the means of gratifying such tastes. Yet they were not often costly tastes, and money was never an excuse for vulgar display, which she abhorred. She had the art of turning very common things into ministers of beauty. The knack was one of arrangement, of which she was master. Perhaps she never entered a room, whether her own or another's, without reading at a glance what it said to her, and she often spoke of the "language" of some interior which she had chanced to visit. Always the artist was strong in her. At all times she was as much awake to the charms of life as she was to its duties.

Her love of flowers and ferns has been already mentioned, but the whole world of nature was to her a picture gallery, and all animal life was intensely attractive. She had many pets at different times and her friends who knew of this fondness would sometimes send her living specimens which she could neither tame nor keep. At one time, in her Boston home, she had made to her order a large cage for about twenty songsters of all kinds and colors, each

having its pet name which each really seemed to know, and all living in harmony under their wire roof. It was known among her friends as Mrs. Caswell's "Happy Family."

But, probably, no kind of beauty was more attractive than that of the human face and form. These she could adore, especially when the fair face proved to be the sign of a fair soul. Perhaps the bitterest hour of her girlhood was when she discovered, one day in her early teens, that she was not herself beautiful. Her father found her weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, Hattie?"

"I am crying because I am so plain looking. If I were pretty like ——— ——— everybody would love me." Kindly and wisely her father taught her that she need not be pretty to be loved. "Forget yourself, think of others, and you will be loved by all who know you." To a friend she once confessed that this incident made a deep impression upon her life. The words of the wise father were notably fulfilled.

One may speak of this matter the more freely since it was a frequent topic of remark among her friends and one to which she alluded jocosely. "I know I am plain, but I suppose it pleased God to have me so. Why worry?" On one occasion the writer was spending a Sunday with a pastor, who remarked upon the

plainness of her features, not being aware of the relation of his visitor to the subject of his remark. "I was disappointed," he said, "when I first met with her, but the moment she began to speak I forgot the plainness, even coarseness, of her face." I agreed with his judgment but did not betray my kinship. Afterwards it came to me indirectly that he was deeply chagrined by the discovery. Should his eye chance to fall upon this page, the writer begs him to believe that not the slightest offense was taken at the remark, for it was absolutely true. Her face was strong rather than beautiful, but with a certain charm of expression all its own.

Whatever may have been lacking in the respect named, she made up, in a measure, by a most careful attention to her personal attire. The wise counsel of her adored friend, Mrs. Wright, bore fruit after her return to civilized life: "Hattie, you can never afford to be neglectful of your dress. You need to be more careful than most women. I do not mean display, but neatness, richness and appropriateness to the occasion." One Boston friend alludes to the impression she made on some minds of "blue blood" and "aristocracy." If Pilgrim blood was blue she had it. If seventeen years among the Iroquois gave her an aristocratic

bearing she never knew it. That impression was due probably to her attire, which, while always neat and simple, was, on occasion, composed of rich material and was always the product of the best artists. There was reason for this. For years, during her Boston work, she was a welcome visitor to many of the first families, patrons of her Home. She mingled freely in their social and home life, and she had the good sense to dress accordingly. On the platform she adopted a much simpler style, but in her daily visits to North Street she had a theory of dress which she herself practised and commended to other visitors. Plain, rich attire she believed would appeal to the self-respect of her poor women with an educating effect; that she was correct in her theory was demonstrated by the steadily improved attire of her women's classes.

Her conception of religion was most profoundly simple. She subscribed to the orthodox creed of her ancestors, not because she understood it altogether, or could defend it when attacked. But her working creed was summed up in two words which were the Alpha and Omega of her faith: "Trust," "Service."

Her well-worn Bible lies before me. Its margins are crowded with notes, but not one

note of a controversial character can be found. Its pages are interleaved with many printed cuttings, mostly hymns of devotion and prose extracts of the same nature from the religious press. There is nothing whatever to show that she was troubled by mysteries of the Scriptures or that she made any pretense of explaining them; she simply accepted them and waited for clearer light.

At the time when she joined the church, the theologians of New England were much divided over theories of the Atonement. The question was a rather frequent theme of sermons and was discussed in the Bible class of which she was a member. She took no part in such discussions and had no special interest in such sermons. It was enough for her that Christ died and died for her, and for this she loved him devotedly. Whatever the Cross might be to others in its theory, to her it was an only hope and the brotherhood mark of the race. One stanza of Faber's hymn was often on her lips.

> "If our love were but more simple,
> We should take him at his word,
> And our lives would be all sunshine
> In the sweetness of our Lord."

Her loyalty to Jesus Christ was intense and would brook no invasion from any quarter.

On one occasion a committee of ladies who had apparently never heard of the first and great commandment, but prided themselves on keeping the second alone, requested her not to mention the name of Jesus in her teaching. "Not mention the name of Jesus in my work? But *he is my all!* Ladies, I leave you," and she walked out of the room. As safely could she have walked without eyes as she could have taught, intelligently, without naming the Great Teacher.

That she was a diligent student of the Bible, copious notes on many of its books bear witness, particularly on the Epistles of Paul, who was her missionary hero. But, as with most growing Christians who lift their eyes unto the hills, she reveled in the psalms of David. In the psalmist's familiar intercourse with the Sovereign, she seemed to feel the heart-beat of God.

One large note-book she divides into thirty-one sections, one section for each day of the month, each of them filled with extracts from the Psalms. This book was her daily food and whether at home or on the road, it was her *vade mecum.* A quiet hour in its company was as essential to her life as her daily meals. I am reminded by a friend,[1] in whose company she spent several summer vacations, that she

[1] Miss Elizabeth A. H. Sleeper.

had also a weekly collection of psalms, one for each day, which she memorized and began each morning by repeating. Because these must have been special favorites they are worth recording, for the light they throw upon her inner religious life: *Sunday*, Ps. 91; *Monday*, Ps. 51; *Tuesday*, Ps. 108; *Wednesday*, Ps. 34; *Thursday*, Ps. 23, 24, 25; *Friday*, Ps. 139; *Saturday*, Ps. 37.

One very dear friend[1] writes, "I once expressed amazement at the amount of Bible she committed to memory and repeated daily; 'I should think you would forget and answer in conversation with some of these texts.' 'Well,' she replied, 'it would be a good answer, wouldn't it?'" In fact the Scriptures did become to her a sort of vernacular in which she found often the best answer to a puzzling question. "Once," writes a friend,[2] "after she had passed through several perilous experiences, I said to her, 'Hattie, why are you not dead?' Instantly bursting into one of her silvery laughs, she replied, 'You know that they who wait on the Lord shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint.' Her inimitable manner, which I cannot give you, made her words indelible on my mind."

On the opening page of her book of devotions

[1] Miss S. R. Sage. [2] Miss E. E. Simmons.

which she calls "Morning by Morning," under date of March 12, 1909, she writes:

"From August 2, 1900 (the date of her marriage to Mr. Broad), to February 7, 1908 (the date of his fatal seizure), Gaio (her Indian name) has repeated the Scripture and hymns for the day as written in this book, on the train, in hotel and boarding-house and parsonage, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the British possessions to the Gulf of Mexico, at our Boston abiding place and at the dear Bencasson home. And now, morning by morning, in blessed spiritual communion, she repeats the precious words, fragrant with sacred memories, alone—but not alone."

Among her papers there is found an occasional exegesis of some chapter or Scripture passage, whether original or not is difficult always to determine. The following analysis of the Lord's prayer I find some reason to believe is her own, but am open to correction.

"Our Father"—a child speaking to his father.

"Hallowed be thy name,"—a worshiper speaking to his God.

"Thy Kingdom come,"—a citizen speaking to his ruler.

"Thy will be done,"—a servant speaking to his master.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"—a beggar speaking to his benefactor.

"Forgive us our debts,"—a sinner speaking to his Saviour.

"Lead us not into temptation,"—a pilgrim speaking to his guide.

"Deliver us from evil,"—a captive speaking to his rescuer.

What then is God to me? A Father, a God, a Ruler, a Master, a Benefactor, a Saviour, a Guide, a Deliverer.

What am I to him? A child, a worshiper, a citizen, a servant, a beggar, a sinner, a pilgrim, a captive in need of rescue.

Many pages might be filled with letters to friends palpitating with the spirit of that trust and service which I have called the Alpha and Omega of her faith. One example must suffice. To a friend who had written her a note of appreciation after listening to one of her missionary addresses:

"Just a line to thank you for your dear message. Such appreciative words do help. They give me something to lay at the feet of Jesus as an offering. No word spoken can touch a heart unless he confirms it and he cannot confirm a message unless honestly given for him. I do so long to be his true messenger with a

surrendered and willing heart and the simple trust of a child. The gardener can use the empty pitcher for the pure water which will revive his drooping plants; but when the pitcher is half filled with rubbish, he can use it, to be sure, but not efficiently. Don't you long to be so completely emptied of self that our Lord can use you for the largest service? This is my longing and my prayer.

"Lord, there is one who often stands
Between me and thy glory.
His name is Self—
Stands twixt me and thy glory.

"Oh, mortify him—mortify him,
Cast him out, my Saviour.
Exalt thyself alone.
Lift high the banner of the Cross,
Conceal the standard bearer."

Needless to say, a religion of serene trust and willing service unclouded by doubts, unruffled by fears, was a sane and cheerful religion; equally needless to add that it was utterly free from cant and solemn pietism. Indeed, she had scant patience with all forms of merely professional piety, forms out of which the life-blood that once made them real had oozed away. All mere badges of religion, all relig-

ious parade, pious phrases, morbid introspection, mechanical devotions set to clockwork, these were things she could not abide. She had no need of them for herself and she feared for others, who made much of them, lest they were mistaking the shell for the meat. Her own communion with God was face to face, heart to heart, as a man communeth with his friend, never specially dependent upon fixed seasons, but so real, that any moment of the day, when she craved the touch of the Great Companion, she had but to reach out her hand to find him near.

Very close to the holy of holies in her life lay her keen sense of humor. Those who have met her casually, with little knowledge of the real woman, are likely to recall this side of her nature with undue distinctness. It was an inheritance from her Plymouth ancestors. One of the dearest memories of her childhood was the evening hour at Ponds, when, the work of the day being over, the family gathered in the large living-room and gave itself up to innocent mirth. Story, quip, repartee, laughter, humor in every form, ruled that hour. Every member of the circle bore a Bible name; Mary, the grandmother approaching her hundredth year, Israel, Nathaniel, Joseph, Sarah, each of them

a devout Christian, all of them genial and merry companions and every one of them able "to make a story to entertain." And in this school of mirth sat the little maid a rapt listener, responsive in every drop of her kindred blood to the spirit of the hour. Can it be wondered at that, like Isaac, she was a child of laughter?

On one occasion she was a guest in the Beecher home in Brooklyn. At the dinner table Mr. Beecher told a humorous story of his experience while on a lecture tour. Mrs. Caswell responded with an Indian experience equally grotesque, and from that began a tilt between the two of humorous experiences. Mr. Beecher's field was of course the broader but Mrs. Caswell's was the more unique. During the whole meal it was story for story, until the sides of the company ached with laughter. Yet had she been suddenly asked to tell a funny story she would have denied that she knew one, and it would have been true. Her sense of humor had to be touched by accident or association to respond.

Dr. Douglass of Iowa thus describes what many another missionary secretary found true: "She was a good traveling companion, full of jollity and fun. A joke was all the better to her if she happened to be the victim of it. At

a certain hotel she mildly chided a porter for dragging us up the stairs when there was an elevator. She did not know how dilapidated and wheezy it was. Later, the porter, looking at me with sincere sympathy, said: 'You've got to be mighty particular how you handle that woman.' The joke nearly lost her her breakfast, for again and again she choked with laughter during the meal. At Grinnell I introduced her as one who had come up out of savagery, having been among the Indians for seventeen years, and I said, 'You ought to have seen her the other day as we passed through a reservation, how the old wild gleam came into her eye and an evident impulse to return to the savage life seized her.' The next day, one of the good brothers of the church inquired: 'Do you really mean to say that Mrs. Caswell is an Indian? I thought it might be so, but what an example of the grace of God!' We were walking home from the hotel when I told her of the good brother's puzzled state of mind respecting her. I almost regretted my venture, for she could not walk and laugh a laugh like that at the same time."

This sense of humor was her salvation. All her life, the merry heart was her recreation, her medicine, and she found one other relaxation from care in her intense love of games. This

was an inheritance from her mother, which all the members of her immediate family shared. Neither she nor they had the least fondness for cards. But checkers, backgammon, dominoes, crokinole, numerica, letters, all games uniting a little chance and more skill, or a little skill and more chance, she loved intensely, played often and found in them always a pastime and refreshment. During the last two years of her life, shut in by sorrow and physical weakness, such games were a singular solace. Her sister, Mrs. Bramhall, and her niece, Miss Carrie Bramhall, were her daily companions, and promptly at three o'clock every afternoon the tournaments began and were resumed in the evening. The several games were taken up in regular order and the record of victories and defeats was systematically kept. Not to every invalid would this treatment have proved beneficial, but in her case it was followed by a good night's rest and improving health. Only three days before her last on earth, she spent the evening in her favorite amusements and scored her usual victories. Neither she nor her friends had the slightest premonition that these were to be her last games. Yet, had she known it, no disturbing effect would have followed. She was living always half in another world and ready at any moment for the complete transition.

As a public speaker Mrs. Broad possessed a certain unique power which no accepted definition of eloquence seems quite to cover. She had, indeed, the commanding presence essential to effective public address, but her voice, though sympathetic, was not specially commanding. Her vocabulary was simple and limited. She possessed no unusual power of reasoning and almost never argued. She had no tricks of posture or gesture; she never read a page of Whately or took a lesson in elocution, yet she was always sure to "get a hearing," which Professor Phelps declares is "the first thing in preaching."

A good illustration was seen at the second anniversary of the Boston Associated Charities, held in Tremont Temple before a full house. Governor Long presided, opening with one of those classical addresses for which he was noted. Eminent speakers were on the platform, among them Robert Treat Paine, Vicar-General Byrne, Edward Everett Hale, James T. Fields, Phillips Brooks, and Dr. Duryea. All of them made addresses setting forth the idea of the society, enforcing and approving its principle. The people listened attentively, were instructed and convinced. Mrs. Caswell was the only woman speaker on the program. Women speakers were not as common as they have since become,

and she was received with some natural curiosity. It was a difficult place. She came forward modestly and apparently with perfect self-possession. None but her intimate friends knew that she trembled in every limb. To the end of life she never appeared on any public platform without trembling. The real woman that she was always protested against the public woman which circumstances forced her to become. Intently the audience listened for her first words:

"I am not here to explain to you the principle of Associated Charities. These eloquent gentlemen will do that better than I can. I am here simply to tell you how I have seen it work in North Street."

If an electric current had been sent through the house the effect would not have been more marked. Every one sat up, many leaned forward. This is what they had come to hear, not theory only, but the testimony of one who knew, and for the next twenty minutes she simply told the story of her Industrial Home. Incident followed incident, some pathetic, some numorous, all illustrative of how to help the poor without making them poorer. The published reports of this speech in the morning press are punctuated, at the close of nearly every paragraph, with "applause," "laughter,"

"emotion," and at the close with "long-continued applause."

What was the spell? A woman? Partly. The raconteur's descriptive skill? Largely. The appeal of experience? More largely; but supremely, the personality of the woman, her compassionate enthusiasm for the poor, her dauntless optimism.

The effect did not end with the speech. Her closing words contained a skilful appeal: "I am asked where do you get the money to carry on all these departments of work, and I say and shall always say (here she paused and smiled): '*Boston never lets a good work languish.*'" That touch realized a thousand dollars. "And I say to you of the South End and West End and to all the outlying districts, try and establish these industrial schools so that no man or woman can say: 'No one will hire us because we don't know how to work.' I say to you, take the first step and you will find all the lions you feared chained. And you will always find an open door when you go forward with zeal, putting your heart and soul into the work." She had many visitors at the Home during the days that followed, some to learn how it was done, others to contribute money to carry it on.

Dr. B. F. Hamilton, of Boston, testifies to a

similar incident: "At a large home missionary meeting at the Mechanics' Hall, a long list of speakers was announced, among them Mrs. Broad, whose name came last on the program. As often happens, the earlier speakers exhausted the time and patience of the audience and many began to leave the Hall before she was introduced. But when she stood up to speak a thrill seemed to run through the tired listeners. Those who were about to go out returned to their seats and all sat spellbound to the close of a long address. Her breezy talk was like a breath of east wind on a sultry day. She took her hearers with her to a far Western field and told them what she had seen and heard and wrought in such a way as to enthuse all hearts and turn a meeting that threatened to be a failure into a grand success."

Such power, of which both instances are typical, is not easily analyzed. Apart from her personality, always compelling, whether in public address or private conversation, the secret lay in a skilful narrative. She had the Ponds gift of "telling a story to entertain" and it is noticeable that she almost never departed from that style of address. What she had once seen photographed itself on her mind, as on a highly sensitized plate. Then, with that sympathetic voice and breezy manner, she

flashed a moving picture before the eyes of her audience until they saw, with their own eyes, what to her was so real. Yet every effect had been most carefully studied; she never trusted to extempore speech. Every story she ever told in public was written out with minute care, faithfully committed to memory and often privately rehearsed. If genius is "the art of taking infinite pains" she had the gift and found the reward of her infinite pains in the enthusiastic interest of her audience.

But her public addresses were more than pleasing entertainments. They were always for some distinct purpose and that purpose was frequently money for her beloved work. Skilfully, often cunningly, she hid her real object to the last sentence. Then, an entrapped audience, warmed by her appeal, and pleased to be so winsomely duped, became cheerful givers. But she scorned the very name of "beggar." "Do not the silver and gold belong to the Lord? I plead for his own, and if I bleed the people to get it, is it not for their good?" A friend of her girlhood,[1] whose love never waned, once said of her: "Hattie's success in pleading for her loved work was phenomenal. I told her she wheedled the people out of their very clothes. 'No,' she said, 'I only give them

[1] Mrs. Phebe A. Crafts.

facts.' But facts from her lips always loosened the purse strings. If her simple stories interested, it was the work of the Holy Spirit, she said, not her own skill." And again when the question of her own giving came up, "My money is the Lord's money, all of it. The question is not how much shall I give but how much will he have me keep?"

Pleading for money is, to most speakers, an unwelcome duty, often a mortal dread. To her it was always a delight. Her remarkable organizing talent then came into full play. When asked by the officers of the Home Missionary Society how much of the Howard Roll of Honor the women would probably take, she modestly replied, "I engage that they will do their full part," and immediately, by hundreds of personal letters and through many public addresses, she began a campaign for $50,000 and secured it from the women. The men who crowded her meetings at Saratoga paid cheerfully for the privilege. She never allowed them to escape without hearing of some missionary need, whose representative was on hand by prearrangement to state the case, which Mrs. Broad would then supplement with a winning appeal. The results were always surprising.

Many a platform orator can excite his audience to the white heat of enthusiasm, but

lacks the skill to convert that heat into power. Mrs. Broad combined the two gifts to a remarkable degree. She had the spellbinder's power to inflame interest and the manager's skill to turn it to a practical account.

The portrait thus far attempted has been poorly done, if it does not create its own atmosphere—that spiritual aroma which some lives carry, and which no pen or brush can depict. One may paint a flower, but who can paint its perfume?

I shall be happy, indeed, if the reader of this life-story has already discovered, beneath all surface currents of inherited temperament, the two deep springs, the two abiding passions, which inspired and colored vividly her whole life, and which constitute her chief claim to be honored and remembered among women—her sympathy and her love—not one and the same, but two, and distinct.

One[1] who knew her well and worked by her side in North Street, has written of her: "She was a succorer of many. If distance could have been eliminated, and those all over the land who have learned to love her could have been present at her funeral, what a multitude would have gathered at Park Street Church! The

[1] Miss Miriam B. Means.

old cemetery and the adjoining streets would scarcely have held the company."

Says another[1] who traveled thousands of miles in her company, "I doubt if there was another woman in the United States better known or more beloved than Mrs. Caswell-Broad. Her nature was to love, her glory to be loved."

Another valued friend,[2] in whose St. Louis home she was a frequent guest, bears even stronger testimony: "There was a *friendliness* about everything she said or did or proposed to do, so much of the human touch, such insight, sympathy, fellowship, cheer and hopefulness, as to attract and make friends of all who came within her circle, and it was this element of *friendship* that seemed to underlie all her relations, official, social, or religious."

Such tributes are not earned by chance. The woman thus valued and honored was modest, self-effacing, self-depreciating, never bidding for popularity or seeking reward, and, in her own judgment, an unprofitable servant. Yet, "all who came within her circle" knew her, intuitively, to be a friend and helper. Sympathy clothed her as with a garment.

Her associates would sometimes remonstrate against her lavish generosity. "You

[1] Rev. W. G. Puddefoot. [2] Mr. A. W. Benedict.

are impoverishing yourself," they reminded her. "You should think of your own future, of possible sickness and old age." Such appeals never moved her. "If you saw the needs as I see them," she said, "you would do as I am doing." (Perhaps?) And so, a poor missionary, hampered by debt, with a large family and a small salary,—a missionary wife and mother, hard worked and straitened for the simple comforts of life,—the pastor of an isolated church, hungering for fellowship with his brethren but wholly unable to afford the cost of attending his state conference,—a missionary secretary, overworked and mentally depressed, needing a vacation he cannot afford to take,—a church requiring enlargement which would double its power for good, but too poor to make the sacrifice,—a friend of her childhood, impoverished and bedridden, now, in old age,—these and many other such appeals knocked continually at the door of her pitying heart and never knocked in vain.

"Sympathy," she once wrote, "is the universal hunger of the human heart." Yet with her sympathy had other, and even more welcome, forms than that of a money gift,—a look, a tone of the voice, a gesture, a hand-clasp, a gathering tear, a sincere and loving message; she knew the whole alphabet of sympathy, she

had a genius for expressing it, and great was her reward in the personal love of the unfortunate.

But gratitude for favors received was not the basis of her deepest friendships. These were of long growth, some of them stretching back to school days. The close friend of 1848, of 1853, and 1861, were yet closer friends of 1910, in spite of separating years and divided interests. Such attachments were never founded in gratitude; they were the intertwining of heart-strings, over which the will has no control, spiritual affinities which know no law but that of mutual attraction. The Psalmist, in one breath, tells of "lover," "friend," and "acquaintance." She had them all; acquaintances who esteemed and honored her, a great multitude; friends in every state of the Union who loved and cherished her for her own and for her work's sake; and she had a few lovers, drawn to her and she to them by a spiritual bond quite independent of sight or touch or physical communion, and over which time nor distance nor even death had power.

"*Here and there among its numberless counterfeits, a friendship rises up between two women which sustains the life of both, which is still young when life is waning, which man's love and motherhood cannot displace, nor death*

annihilate; a friendship which is not the solitary affection of an empty heart nor the deepest affection of a full one, but which nevertheless lightens the burdens of this world, and lays its pure hand upon the next."

A few of my readers will know the full meaning of the words, and beyond them I may not pass without intruding on hallowed ground.

But, in Mrs. Broad's estimate of values, "the greatest thing in the world" was not friendship, however sacred, nor kinship, however dear, nor sympathy for the distressed, however true.

In her worn Bible I find five passages heavily underscored:

God is love.
Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
Add to brotherly kindness—Love.
Love is the fulfilling of the law.
The greatest of these is Love.

And in the margin opposite the last named passage, she quotes "*Love is the master-key that will turn all locks in the world.*"

There is no date here to tell us when she first became aware of this deepest, divinest spring of human action; whether before her consecration to a missionary life, or as a result of her missionary experience. I incline to be-

lieve that the great truth dawned early, perhaps in her school days, grew with her Christian growth, slowly absorbing all other motives, until in that hour when the "Missionary Call" came to her, the clearest note in that call was Love,—not for the lovely, but for the marred, not for the righteous, but for the sinner, not for the Christian but for the pagan, not for the safely folded flock, but for the one wandering sheep,—that holiest mood of love that "sees God beneath the leper's skin." However and whenever the divine principle took possession of her soul, results followed in a perfectly natural order.

God *so* loved that he gave his Son. The Son *so* loved that he gave his life. Paul *so* loved that every natural taste and ambition was swallowed up in the passion of rescue. All the missionaries of all the centuries have *so* loved, and their sacrifices have enriched the world, and helped to people Heaven.

Mrs. Broad was a unit in that long, illustrious line. She loved ease and luxury; she loved home and kin; she loved culture and refinement; she loved the fellowship of friends; she loved the beautiful in nature and art; she was made to enjoy and adorn society. But she loved some other things more and differently. The Master she loved supremely, and

she loved the world because he loved it—even to the garden of bloody sweat and the pangs of the Cross; and to this overmastering enthusiasm for God and humanity she subjected all lesser loves, tastes and ambitions.

It was no unwelcome sacrifice, for, like her Master, it was for the joy that was set before her. She found it satisfying and rich in sweet rewards. She gloried in its pains, privations, and crosses. Her path through the world became like the course of some bountiful river, which bursts its narrow banks to enrich the earth with flowers and fruits and harvests. Wherever she moved it was to bring hope, to inspire courage, to brighten life, to uplift the fallen, to save the lost. And coming at length out of great tribulations of her own, yet never wavering in her strong faith that all was well, her kind Lord led her, towards night, to the chamber called "*Peace*, whose windows looked towards the sunrising"—in the city she loved best—within the home of loving, ministering kindred—near the scenes of her happy girlhood and the graves of her beloved dead—and there, watching and waiting among the lengthening shadows, while echoes of the "*New Song*" seemed to mingle with foregleams of the Vision Beatific, she heard the glad hail of the Master —"Daughter, well done! Because thou hast

been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

"O Friend, thou hadst no tryst with death,
No call his shadowed vale to tread,
In rapture, yielding up thy breath,
No name hast thou among the dead."

IX

APPRECIATION

AT this point, if anywhere, the writer may be pardoned a personal confession in lieu of a preface. It was with a reluctance which for weeks had seemed insurmountable, that I yielded at length to the solicitation of friends of Mrs. Broad, and consented to prepare a memoir of my sister's life and work. In the nature of things, a brother's judgment cannot be wholly impartial. His angle of vision differs from that of a friend. At every step of the way I have been beset with two conflicting fears: on the one hand, the fear of saying more than was meet, and on the other hand, the fear of saying less than was due. Either extreme would be an injustice to the subject. Looking back over these pages, I find many a spot where the pen halted between spur and curb—prompted to write what was felt to be true, but restrained from writing by the fear that even the most partial friends of Mrs. Broad might see in it the too fond judgment of a brother.

It is with profound relief, therefore, that I

have gathered up the words of appreciation which follow, and discover that they do not conflict seriously with the body of the narrative. At all events, I may now confidently leave to these loving friends to supply whatever I have omitted to tell, as well as to correct any overstatement of which I may, in a too partial judgment, have been guilty.

Address at the Funeral Services of Mrs. Caswell-Broad

By Dr. A. Z. Conrad

God gives to the world some lives that continually radiate light and heat, filling the world with brightness and cheer; lives that are a perpetual beatitude to the communities in which they perform their tasks. Such lives reveal the fruitage of fellowship with God. Such a life was that of Mrs. Caswell-Broad. Her presence was a revelation of the indwelling Christ and an inspiration and a joy to those with whom she came in contact. Wherever she went the sunshine dispelled the shadows, tears were dried up by sympathy and burdens were lightened. It is related of the fabled Goddess Thebes that she could be traced by the flowers and the fragrance which filled her pathway. "From her footsteps flowers sprang up. She touched her wand to the desert sands and lo, a fountain

gushed forth. She touched the gnarled and burned and blackened trunk of the oak and lo, it was immediately covered with twining vines of beauty." This illustrates a gracious fact in the experience of Mrs. Broad. In very reality she effected just such transformations by her presence and her sympathetic touch of love.

She visited homes of sorrow, and peace fell upon the household; she went to the frontiers and schools and churches seemed to spring up as by magic; her word of counsel was accepted as a Heaven-sent word of direction. Wherever she lived the sweetening and sanctifying influence of her life was recognized and bore its own natural fruit in transformed lives. How shall we explain a life like that? Whence came such qualities of mind and heart?

Mrs. Broad's life is a testimony to the triumph of consecrated altars of the home. She was nurtured in a Christian home and lived her childhood life in the atmosphere of prayer. The Bible was in that home God's veritable message, and she early learned to revere its truths. The Christian graces of faith, gentleness, kindness, humility and hope were inculcated in her very early years. It was the result of these influences that she early dedicated her life to Christian service and determined to become a

true evangel of the Cross. While she was yet in her teens she learned of the crying need for teachers among the semi-civilized Indians of Western New York and she offered her services. She gained the consent of her parents and went to this missionary field. Here she was so poorly protected and illy provided for that her parents were unwilling she should remain and sent for her.

Her protest was very earnest and her spirit of rebellion against what seemed an unnecessary interruption of her work vigorous. Although she had endured hardships from which missionaries of experience would have turned away, yet she loved the work and wanted to return to it. While in this mood, she had an experience which influenced her whole life. In an interview, which I had the privilege of enjoying a few weeks before her death, she related this experience to me. She said: "While I was still very rebellious and unreconciled to the determination of my parents not to let me return, Mrs. Capron, then herself engaged in missionary work and about to go to India, came to our home and I said to myself she will sympathize with me. I told her my story. She said, 'You ungrateful child. Get down on your knees and ask God to forgive you, and then go to your parents and ask their forgiveness.' I dropped on

my knees and heard such a prayer as I had never heard before. That settled my opposition to Providence. Before long the way opened and I went to my chosen work again, but I had learned a great lesson which has been a wonderful help all through life. I was taught the importance of patience and the wisdom of being calm when Providence seems hard to understand and contrary to the heart's desire."

She was overjoyed when the consent was given for her to return to her chosen work. She rendered a service in behalf of the Indians which only the records of Heaven can reveal. Her associates in this work loved her fondly and found it hard to be reconciled to her departure from among them. She continued in that work for seventeen years, all of them fruitful and blessed years. She then married Mr. Lemuel E. Caswell of Boston, a man of highest business standing and a man thoroughly in sympathy with her spiritual purposes and aspirations. Their home was a model of refinement and Christian culture. The power of Christ in her soul was commanding. She felt she must be about her Master's business. She soon found abundant opportunity to exercise her rare gifts and invest her consecrated personality. She could not content herself with a life of ease. A passion for humanity and a love for

Christ dominated her life. She had a love for souls, a desire to bless. She was constantly watchful of opportunities to cheer the discouraged, to relieve human want and to bring the saving power of Jesus to the hearts desolated by sin. She identified herself with a mission at the North End of the city and threw herself heart and soul into the work. She had the coöperation of such men as Phillips Brooks, Robert Treat Paine and many of the prominent women of Boston who became her lifelong friends and admirers. She contributed much to the progress of the work and to a transformation in the community where the mission was located. The history of this work would itself fill an interesting volume. It was one long series of consecrated self-denying efforts in the interests of the needy and the unsaved.

Her service was much sought throughout New England to tell of the work which was being done and she stimulated a like endeavor in many localities. Her home, which was ideal, became a Mecca for scores of people who found her counsel invaluable and her sympathy and cheer a great blessing.

At the death of Mr. Caswell, she accepted a place in the Congregational Home Missionary Society, as editor and secretary of the Woman's Department, and began a career of

service such as has rarely if ever been equaled in the reach of its influence and the permanency of its results.

Her duties took her to every part of the United States. Her name became a household word in all frontier mission centers.

She established new churches, brought many churches to self-support and organized Sunday-schools where churches could not be maintained.

She was welcomed in all places which she visited as an angel of light. The announcement of her coming was the signal for large gatherings of people. In the humble homes of the frontier her presence was eagerly welcomed. Not alone was she a power among these newly established and struggling churches, but what was equally significant was her influence in arousing missionary interest when she returned East after each of her pilgrimages and told the story of need, heroism and faithfulness of the frontier life. She opened hearts and purses by her message. She had a peculiarly sympathetic way of presenting the work. Her voice was winning and sweet. She often sang in connection with her addresses and here again the refined delicacy of tone and the softness and sweetness of cadence called all hearts to her and made doubly effective her message.

Ten years ago, she married the Rev. L. Payson Broad. He was a man of dignity, consecration, and devotion to the cause of Christ. Her work was not interrupted but strengthened by this marriage. She now had the coöperation and protection needed to increase the effectiveness of her ministry. They continued their service of love together until the death of Mr. Broad two years ago. They were just starting out on one of their long home missionary tours when he was suddenly called home. Since that time Mrs. Broad has not been able to continue the work and after an illness continuing for more than a year she entered into the blessed *rest*. It is abundantly worth while to inquire as to what contributed to make her life so fruitful.

We have not far to seek. She was the product of the indwelling Christ. She was a profound Bible student. The Bible was to her a real revelation. It was God's word to men. The Gospels were no myth but were true record of God's life in Christ. Jesus Christ was in her thought a Redeemer, a Saviour. She studied the Bible with the aid of the best commentaries but especially with the aid of the Holy Spirit who interpreted to her the truth as no man could do. In my interview with her, she said: "I am no longer troubled about

some things I cannot fully understand or explain in the Bible and in Providence. There is so much that is perfectly clear and so much upon which I can implicitly rely that I am perfectly ready to leave some of the mysteries until faith gives place to sight. I know Jesus saves those who come to him. There is no other explanation of the transformations I have seen. No one but the Son of God could have wrought the change which, again and again, I have seen wrought in the hearts of men and women who had gone far from God and duty, and who were low down in the scale of being." Hers was a sublime faith. She had no questions as to the reality of the hold of Christ upon her or the reality of fellowship with Jesus day by day. Indeed the companionship she enjoyed with Jesus was as real to her as the association with the nearest earthly friends.

How such a faith as this should inspire us in service! To know how God kept her, fulfilled his promises to her, all this should increase our faith and love in Christian service and our peace in life's struggles. How wonderfully God upheld her in her hours of sorrow and how graciously he upheld her in the arduous services which she elected to perform! We shall greatly miss her genial presence, her win-

some voice, her cheering smile, her affectionate greeting.

Her power of personality which so attracted all to her was nothing affected. It could not be simulated. It was simply the Christ life shining out in her. There was not one artificial feature in her life, nor was there anything superficial. She thought much and deeply. The mind of Christ dwelt in her richly, hence the beauty of her thinking and doing. Here then was one known from ocean to ocean and loved by all. Such a life is worth while. It is the only kind of living that really pays. Her desire to do God's will was so controlling that even her sorrows were accepted without complaint and in her sickness she could still be patient.

The last months of her life were spent in retirement and much suffering. Here her strong character was revealed at its very best. Submission, coöperation, these were the watchwords of her life. How unspeakably blessed to pass through life and lay down its burdens with the knowledge that we have never been instrumental in lessening the faith of any one, but on the other hand, to know that we have been instrumental in strengthening the tie between a multitude of souls and their Saviour. It is not so difficult in the rush of work and the trials of

service to keep cheerful and brave. While we are absorbed in the work of Kingdom building we can be patient and calm. The test of the character is not to be found here so much as in the attitude of the soul when the days of active service are past and one is compelled to bear and wait. When laid aside from duties which have been dear to us and required merely to look on, then it is trying indeed. No one heard Mrs. Broad complain in the days of feebleness. There was no bitter word uttered against Providence and circumstances, no disposition to find fault because she was compelled to withdraw from public activities ever appeared. She met it all bravely. Just to endure is sometimes the mark of the strongest character. She endured as seeing him who is invisible. Quietly and calmly she entered into her rest so well-earned and so graciously given. With what joy she must have heard the words, "Good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Her influence is still with us. Her work remains and will remain. More lasting than any material monuments are the gracious benefactions of her life and the sweet fragrance of influence that fills many hearts and homes. She builded herself into the institutions of religion which we most love and the civic and social institutions most worth having. Such a life

continues in its beneficent flow as ages pass. May the memory of this beautiful life lead us every one to a devouter consecration to God and a greater love for humanity! May there come to us all a larger enthusiasm and a deeper desire to fulfil God's will and consummate his plan for us! And may there be cultivated the graces which adorned her life and a more implicit reliance upon our Father and Saviour and Friend! When life's eventide comes may our day have been well spent! Then when the lights pale and the music here shall cease, may the morning light of God's endless day have already broken in upon the soul and may the music of the New Song greet us and the blessed Saviour welcome us to a felicity never to be disturbed and service never to be interrupted!

Action of the Vermont State Union:

Our Father in Heaven, having, in his all-wise Providence, taken to himself,—and to her everlasting reward,—our dear friend and counselor, Mrs. Harriet Caswell-Broad; we, representing the Congregational Woman's Home Missionary Union of Vermont, assembled at its annual meeting, desire to express our appreciation of the great loss we have thereby sustained.

From the moment of our organization to the

time of her death she was ever ready to show her vital interest in our work and her love for our workers. Her cheery, unselfish Christian spirit, always willing to spend and be spent in the service of others, was a constantly illuminating object lesson to every life that she touched. She was remarkable for the ease and tact with which she brought the subject of personal religion to the attention of every one she met,—even hardened men among the mines acknowledging the genuineness of her Christianity. Her heart overflowed with sympathy for all classes and conditions of women. Her burning desire seemed to be to inspire all her Christian sisters with a realizing sense of their personal obligation to pass on to others the blessings of that salvation which they had received. She longed to see them entering into the work of Christian Missions with the same holy enthusiasm that was *her* distinguishing trait.

Such a life casts a radiance all down the ages, and its influence is immortal.

It would seem to us that to no one more fittingly could the Master say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MRS. J. E. SWIFT,
MRS. R. P. FAIRBANKS,
MRS. H. L. VAN PATTEN.

From the late Miss S. R. Sage, her only and very dear neighbor on Newfane Hill:

I would like to lay at least one leaf upon the memorial wreath. I appreciated, enjoyed and was stimulated by the vigorous tonic of the dear saint's character. But I could no more describe it than I could put into words the glory of the unsurpassed sunsets of her beloved hills. We were sometimes favored there with a rainbow upon the eastern sky, spanning it in perfect coloring, from horizon to horizon. I never saw the like elsewhere, but I cannot word-picture it. No more can I put into words the robust, vigorous, ardent piety of that life, felt wherever it touched and ever winning hearts by the subtle aroma of its winsomeness. Like that rainbow arch from horizon to horizon —that was her life.

From Miss Alice L. White of Montgomery, Ala.:

I have never seen but one ideal woman and never expect to again until I meet her in the Beyond. The secret of her mysterious personality was that she *consecrated herself* to the Master, came in *daily touch with him* and *he* blended all her characteristics into a wondrous woman whom none really knew but to love. She knew "the secret of his Presence" and she did "bear the image of the Master in her face."

An artist might have said that her face was plain; but I am quite sure those who really knew her never found it so, and the multitude, who would if they could rise up and "call her blessed," would say "it was beautiful." There are many of us who I think would say in the language of another:

"I did not know God loved me in so sweet a way before.
'Tis he alone who can such blessings send,
And when his love would new expression find,
He sent thee to me and he said, 'Behold a friend.'"

From Rev. C. F. Clapp, Superintendent of Oregon:

I have no need of letters, or paper, or picture to call her up, indeed no picture ever did her justice. It could not. She had a depth of feeling, a volume of soul, that was to her body what a tone is to a violin, or more properly speaking, to a great organ. No picture even more than hints at the soul in one, and she was practically all soul. God had blessed her with a fine, an extraordinary intellect; she was quick-witted, alert, thoroughly cultured, a gifted speaker, having that intangible something denominated personal magnetism. But the best thing about her was her sympathy, her soul. This she possessed to a large degree.

Not only so, she was able to manifest this, to make it known. This is a great gift, not only to love people, to sympathize with them, to have their good at heart, but to let them know it. She could do this and yet without fulsome flattery.

She came out to the missionary fields bringing a great wealth of sympathy, as well as inspiration, and cheer, and wisdom as to what could be done, and how to do it. She stimulated the superintendents like a bi-chloride tonic. She set on fire the languishing and discouraged missionary societies like the flame that kindled the soaking altar of Elijah. She could fairly resurrect the dead, so far as resuscitating missionary zeal is concerned, and yet do it in the simplest, sweetest, most natural way in the world. She made religion appear as natural as the rising of the sun. She made missionary success appear as easy as the blossoming of spring. She never scolded, or ranted, or agonized but just wooed and won her hearer to do the things she suggested because they wanted to, and because that seemed the most natural thing in the world.

She was at home in any sort of surrounding. In the great cities she as easily graced the parlors of the rich, as she sweetened and hallowed the rag-carpeted homes of the poor. She

loved a log cabin, and in this new and undeveloped Pacific Coast, there were plenty of them, into some of which she went with a graciousness and naturalness that made you feel that she must have been born and reared in one herself, to understand so perfectly what it meant to live there. Her presence in these home missionary churches was a benediction and a prayer. Her visits to these humble homes was an event to be remembered a lifetime.

Cultured as she was, and loving music as she did, she could appreciate the bungling attempts of these unskilled people to make melody unto the Lord. And, while it was sometimes difficult for her to restrain a smile at their crude efforts, she never offended in this way. Indeed, I do not ever remember to have known one who could see the ridiculous in religious efforts and smile at it, giving so little offense, or, more properly speaking, giving no offense at all. So kindly was her spirit, so absolutely did she love the people and sympathize with them in every effort to lift up the banner of the cross, that it was easier to be laughed at by her than to be praised by others.

Once, in one of the newest fields in this state, she had gone to speak, and the young people undertook to prepare and render the music for the occasion. It was a dismal failure so far

as harmony was concerned. No two of the singers had the same key, no two of them kept together, or followed the organ. It was a sort of musical sweep-stakes, a "catch as catch can" and a free-for-all entry and finish. For the most part she maintained her equilibrium, but occasionally a smile stole over her face and broadened into something more robust; then, when they had finished, and the last one had passed the string at the judges' stand, coming out breathless and exhausted perhaps several yards behind, she got up and made a speech, comforted and cheered them, and made every son and daughter of that amazing choir feel that it was better to be a monstrous failure in a choir in the Lord's house, than to belong to the choir invisible anywhere else.

She had a way of turning defeat into a glorious victory. She could make you feel that your blunders, your failures, your discords, your wretched ignorance was more loved of the Master, sweeter harmony in his ears, larger successes, than anything that the "Captains of Industry" could show to him, whose favor is sweeter than any earthly reward. I used often and often to watch her as she wound about her fingers a person, a parlor full of interested guests, or a great assembly of entranced listeners, and say to myself, "What if she had been a bad woman?

What if these great talents had been misdirected? If Providence had so ordered her environment, she could have swayed a kingdom as easily as an audience. She was a born leader. But she never commanded. She never asked for her rights or demanded them; it was as natural to hand them over to her as to breathe. She could suggest a course of procedure, which she had really carefully mapped out, and desired to be followed, and put the suggestion in such a way as to make you actually believe that it was your own wise idea, and that you had yourself inaugurated it. She was a masterful manager of situations and assemblies, but as gentle about it as a mother fondling her babe. One always wanted to do the thing she suggested, not only to please her, but because it looked so perfectly sensible, practical and feasible.

We shall never look upon her like again. The mould was broken when the first cast had been secured. Perhaps there is need of her no more. Possibly her work was done. The Master must know best, but of such as her the world always seems to stand in need. She did an amazing amount of work and was busy to the last. Seldom has it fallen to the lot of one to be so much before the public, to be engaged in so many enterprises, to have to go so fre-

quently counter to the opinions and plans and judgments of others, and yet to be so universally loved and revered. What a rare, what a unique character it is, which is capable of being for a lifetime in the lime-light of saving work, and yet call forth no word of criticism! It amazes me as I think of it.

Born and reared among the rich and cultured, accustomed to the best in surroundings of art and music and furnishings, moving all her life hand in hand with the leaders in the world's work religiously, she never for a little moment belonged to any class or clique or creed. She was like her Divine Lord and Master, the friend of the whole world, a lost world, an uncultured world, a humble world, just as truly as a redeemed and sanctified and exalted world. She stood absolutely unabashed in the presence of the most gifted, the most honored, the most blessed of people, and yet she never moved a step away from the side of the humblest follower of Christ in the rudest log cabin of the far West, or the dugout of the plains. It wasn't simply what she said that made people love and follow her, it was the way she said it. It was the atmosphere she carried about with her wherever she went that made you love her and want to be the sort of person she seemed to think you were. It made you better for a twelvemonth

just to have a letter from her, telling you what she thought of you and your work and how she sympathized with you in it. No, we shall not look upon her like again. No one will ever take her place; they never could. Each indeed has his own little niche to fill, but God gave to her a wide field of work, and splendidly did she come up to his expectancy of her. Her Saviour was not disappointed in her. Personally I feel her loss, my wife and household feel her loss, and we also know that a wide constituency feels her loss. But her work will go on, till the Master appears, and perhaps throughout the eternities.

From Rev. Annette B. Gray, of Wyoming:

I shall never forget the first time I saw Mrs. Broad. It was the fall of 1903. I was in a small place twelve miles from the railroad where I had been holding services for a month. It was a beautiful spot under the shadow of the Big Horn Mountains, and many splendid people lived there; they had become very much discouraged, however, with conditions and scarcely felt that their efforts were worth while.

Mr. and Mrs. Broad were making a tour of the northern part of Wyoming and were going to stop at B—— on their way out.

A meeting was planned at a ranch house,

mostly of ladies, as the men were very busy in the hay fields. A large number were out there, for the day was glorious. Mr. and Mrs. Broad in company with the State Superintendent arrived in due time; there was not room in the house for every one, so the meeting was held outdoors. Mrs. Broad stood amidst a shower of golden leaves falling from a poplar tree under which she was standing. When she began to speak, her first words were: "*What one woman did.*" After she had talked a few moments one of the ladies turned to me and whispered: "Don't tell her how mean we are, nor anything about us, not a word, will you?" Tears were in a good many eyes before Mrs. Broad finished her address, and many resolutions were taken for a stronger and more united effort in behalf of the little church.

A lavish repast had been provided and afterwards we bade good-bye to the little group and came out to the line of railroad to see them off. I often recall the scene, the beautiful way in which Mrs. Broad met the people, the interest which came from a loving heart and generous spirit, and the way that her wonderful message was received.

From Miss Eliza E. Simmons, Newport, R. I.:

Your sister Hattie was the most wonder-

ful woman I have ever known and when I begin to write about her it seems as if I could not stop; yet language can give no adequate description of her. Yes, it is true that for nearly fifty years we walked in "close" friendship, and in all that time not a shadow ever darkened our sense of companionship. It was an ideal friendship, and when she left us it seemed as if she took a large part of me away with her and bridged for me the way between this life and the "vast unknown."

Her wonderful ability to organize and carry on large and varied interests; her rounded-out perfection of character; her versatility; her quick perception of the ludicrous, breaking out in her musical laugh; the intense, well-balanced spirituality and complete trust in her Heavenly Father, with her knowledge of his ways; her sympathetic nature catching impressions like a sensitized plate; her abiding affection which took no note of time or circumstance in her friendships; her patience in tribulation and suffering, which was an example and inspiration to her friends—all this I could not exaggerate if I would.

From Mrs. William Kincaid of New York:

To know one woman in our Congregational fellowship does the cause of home mis-

sions owe so large a debt. She came as secretary of the Woman's Department just as our women were generally ready for combined home missionary effort. A number of our state organizations were already in active service, and to these she gave her cordial sympathy, but to many in the Interior and the West her voice was a trumpet call to united action. A large number of our State Unions owe to her their beginning and their subsequent growth.

Her marriage to Mr. Broad was in many ways the romance of her life. For years they traveled over the land largely at her own expense, visiting lonely and isolated fields and always bringing a blessing with them. To many weak and discouraged workers she was a tower of strength. Everything interested her, from the organization of a state society to the supplying of the personal needs of the home missionary's wife and children. The preacher, the teacher, the cowboy, the lumberman and the miner, all shared in her sympathetic love.

From Superintendent Dr. W. H. Thrall of South Dakota:

I have seen her show tact and an overshadowing personality in a State Wide Woman's Meeting, and again in a small local gathering of

women who didn't know whether they believed in missions or not, and everywhere and always she showed herself a master of minds and movements, bringing the practical thing to pass. And she so gracefully guided the course of events, and so unostentatiously, that those involved scarcely knew that they were being guided by a master hand. She also ever brought into a public assembly, large or small, a spiritual atmosphere, and an altruistic moral tone which lifted the whole assemblage into an upper hemisphere of life, where small matters disappeared out of mind and thought, and all became harmony and was filled with life and movement.

She was ever equal to all emergencies, and yet in the quiet hours alone she was the sympathetic, interested motherly friend (not the public speaker, which she appeared to be in public), individualizing and going with a mother's interest into life's details, wherever and by whomsoever invited.

From Dr. George R. Merrill of Minnesota:

Mrs. Broad spent part of the winter with us in Minnesota and the memories of it are very pleasant to me. After our first meeting I felt as if I had known her always. She had the rare gift, not of seeming, but of being thoroughly

interested and sympathetic with all our work; a cheerful, optimistic spirit that acted as a tonic, a saving sense of humor and that indescribable, indefinable, "our-folksey" way with her which fashioned a family bond right away. It was a pretty severe winter for Minnesota when she was with us, but she went right along without even the questioning of a lifted eyebrow to the appointments that were made for her, and in every circle that she touched, left behind her an abiding memory, and a permanent impression about the beauty and worth of the King's Service.

From John L. Maile of Southern California:

Mrs. Broad cherished genuine love for the home missionary pastor, for his family and his field. Her own experience as a leader in city slums, as a missionary to Indian communities, as an extensive traveler and observer in nearly all the new regions of our great country enabled her quickly and fully to understand the inmost reality of the conditions, calling for devotion and self-sacrifice for Christ and humanity. Her affectionate nature on frequent occasions gave without stint in the most delicate ways of rendering needful assistance to frontier workers and others. In letter-writing of the most refreshing sort, and in plans for raising

funds for special emergencies and for the regular work, her versatility shone forth with quickening and often with humorous effect. So pleasing was the substance and manner of her appeal that people were not dissatisfied because they had been led to give much beyond the measure of their first intentions.

Her power of initiation was remarkable; as with open vision she could see the best way of seizing a difficult problem or starting a new enterprise, or how to resuscitate a drooping interest and make it throb with life. A pre-eminent tactfulness was the handmaid of her great energy. But for this happy combination, friction and resistance might possibly arise under the pressure of her personal force that she brought to bear upon situations that *must* be commanded for success. As it was, all concerned were happy and possessed with the purpose to coöperate. Her persuasiveness aided much to this ideal result by enabling the listener to think that his deep interest in the presentation was wholly voluntary on his or her part. The response asked for was invested with the sense of charm so that what, under prosaic appeal, would seem burdensome, was deemed a welcome opportunity. Fortunate the cause that was favored with such an advocate!

From Rev. W. G. Puddefoot:

I for one feel that scant justice has been done to her memory, in view of what she accomplished for home missions, and that in spite of her health, which was often poor. Through the kindness of friends, Mrs. Broad was enabled in her travels to take the best, and she invariably had a section in the sleeper; but when on long, tiresome trips, she invited her fellow travelers into a parlor car, remarking with an innocent smile, "I love luxury," we all felt the same way. But she could and did endure hardships, sometimes out in the snow until midnight at a way station in order to catch the express to meet an appointment, at times in small hotels without modern comforts in bitter zero weather which made the tears come and with hands so cold she could hardly hold her knife and fork. She had a fund of anecdotes which enlivened travel. Sometimes she would say to me, "Why do you come into the church when I'm speaking? You have heard it all before." "Why," I said, "I'm never tired of those stories. They are as fresh as 'Old-Town Folks.'" She was one of the most persuasive speakers I ever heard, and one of the most cheerful persons I ever knew, so generous and so just. When once in a great church some of the rich people objected to her servants

occupying the same pew with herself, they were turned down with great success. Her servants' rooms indeed were as comfortable as her own; in a word she treated them as Christians.

From Mrs. Anna G. Thompson, of California (daughter of Father Gleason, pastor of the Cattaraugus Indian Church):

Hattie Clark and I were intimate friends at Cattaraugus. An Eastern friend of hers at one time presented her with an old-fashioned chaise which she and Mrs. Wright used in their missionary work among the pagans, going to and fro. On one occasion when the roads were in a fearful condition the horse and chaise parted company in the middle of a pool where the mud was up to the hub of the wheel. There was no help in sight. Hattie took off her shoes and stockings, plunged into the mud and achieved the connection, then continued the journey homeward. Once while driving through the woods alone she was stopped by two strange Indians who demanded that she should then and there vaccinate them. There had been a scare of smallpox on the Reservation and she had considerable difficulty in making them understand that she had no facilities at hand for granting their request.

What the loss of Hattie's love means to me I need not add. I miss her sadly as you must know.

From Mrs. L. B. Ripley of St. Louis, at whose home she was a welcome guest:

(At the time of writing, Mrs. Ripley was an invalid forbidden by her physician all mental exertion. This will account for the brevity of her letter which is the more to be regretted as the relations between the writer and Mrs. Broad were of long standing and very intimate.)

Some years ago, I met Mrs. Caswell for five minutes at her office in the Bible House. Soon after at a meeting of the Missouri State Association she was assigned to me as a guest. I hesitated at first, being a busy mother and an invalid with little time and strength for missionary work and not well enough acquainted with that work to talk about it. But I had entertained her brother, who was an old school friend of my husband, and I said, "Yes, let Mrs. Caswell come. I will try to make her comfortable." So in the evening before bedtime she came. Soon every child in the house was hanging about her, listening to wonderful stories, Indian songs and war-whoops. Just as I was ready for bed I stopped at my guest's door to make sure that I had provided every needed comfort and was gently drawn into the room

and before I knew it was in her lap, having a heart-to-heart talk that only closed at midnight. It was the beginning of a close friendship, ripened through joy and sorrow and we kept in touch always. Our home was hers when she came to St. Louis, so long as we had one. Her love and sympathy were an unspeakable comfort to me through joys and in deep sorrows. I think of my little boys who loved her so much here as being sometimes with her in the real home.

From Superintendent J. H. Parker of Oklahoma:

One incident in our association of many years stands out in memory with great distinctness. Our first Association in the territory was convening in Guthrie. The National Society was to be represented by Mrs. Caswell, then secretary of the Woman's Department. When the train arrived at the Santa Fé depot it was into a dark night and the rain was pouring. Only one hack was at the station and that was preëngaged. I was there to escort her to her place of entertainment and we had to wait interminably for that lone carriage to return. It was my introductory meeting with the Society's representative. I was very desirous for my own sake, and for the sake of our new work

in Oklahoma, to have a good impression made. My chagrin and disappointment were quickly divined by "Mother Caswell" and she deftly and happily filled the long wait in that dismal station with stories of experiences in her own life so much more forbidding than this that I became very much at ease and almost convinced that this was a Providence to give both of us an opportunity to know each other somewhat before the opening of the meeting.

When the Association convened the next day she surprised ministers and delegates by her knowledge of them and their field which she had gotten from me in that conference and night watch at the depot. I can now see her cheery face and hear her words of courage and her laugh as questions and answers were flung at her as she sat on the platform during the noon hour. It was a free-for-all school on Congregationalism and Congregational usage, and truly she was an unexcelled teacher of that little group, most of whom were new to our polity.

From Dr. B. F. Hamilton, of Boston:

During my early ministry here it was my good fortune, frequently, to meet Mrs. Broad at religious gatherings and to note how grace and goodness, and the gift of speech were

happily blended in her unique personality. Hers was the genuine missionary spirit—*the spirit of helpfulness.* Like King Lemuel's ideal woman "She stretched out her hand to the poor; yea, she reached forth her hands to the needy." Nor did she have difficulty in finding those who needed her help as many do. She found them near at hand, among the Portuguese of the North End as well as among the Indians of Western New York and the immigrants scattered over the Western plains where her spiritual children still rise up and call her blessed. Indeed, clergymen have been moved to apply Paul's tribute to Phœbe to her:—"A servant of the church; a succorer of many." More than once she has stood in my own pulpit and inspired both pastor and people with her contagious enthusiasm. She seemed to have the knack of saying the right thing, at the right time, in the right way.

Verily there is much in such a life as hers which death cannot destroy nor the grave hide and you do well to prepare a living memorial of her. If any word I have written can help you in this I shall be glad.

From Mr. A. W. Benedict of St. Louis, in whose home she was a frequent guest:

Mrs. Broad made friends with every one

who came into contact with her, and it was therefore one of our greatest privileges to know that she was coming to be with us for a day or two, and her coming was always looked forward to with eagerness by the many young and old whom she had met from time to time, or who had learned of her through others. Of course these visits did not afford us very much time to have her to ourselves privately, but at the table and during the moments of uninterruption, or in the evening, at the close of the day's work, she would charm us by the flow of her wit and wealth of her thought, or fascinate us and thrill us by the story of one or another experience or incident in her eventful career.

Her meetings, as we used to call them, in St. Louis were always thronged and her addresses listened to with eager interest, filled as they often were with pictures from real life drawn from her own experiences. Then, after a day or two with us, after a real feast of good things, she would depart, often taking a late train at night, setting out for the next field; and, I assure you, more than once have we remarked upon her courage and devotion and utter self-abnegation when, setting out into the night, she turned away from what we knew was so dear to her, to that which was still more

dear, the mission to which she had been called and had given herself.

From Mrs. N. S. Moore of Newfane:

My acquaintance with Mrs. Broad extended over a period of twenty-two years, and from the very first I felt the winning power of her rich personality. More than once I have shaped my course of conduct by what I thought would be her judgment. To me as to all who knew her she was an abiding inspiration. Her spirituality, her sincerity, her earnestness and deep love led us unconsciously to the higher levels where she herself lived. How well she understood the difficulties in our path! With her expressive hands in yours she would reason them all away and even change them into your greatest blessings. How well her friends remember those beautiful messages and letters which came to them so often when just needed. I often wondered how she could give so much of her time and her heart to me who was only one of the hundreds that she had.

Her presence in Newfane was a benediction and her influence descended from the hilltop like a wave clearing the spiritual atmosphere until our little church saw as in a vision what we might do. Her life at Bencasson was always a source of great comfort and strength

to me and her last summer there was especially so. We did not see each other often for her health was frail and she had to guard herself against every unnecessary outlay of strength; but her thoughts towards me and mine were wafted down into the valley to our very door in the form of sweet messages like white doves of peace. Such was her friendship, unselfish, loyal and true to the last.

From Dr. T. O. Douglass of Iowa:

My first recollections of Mrs. Caswell are as she appeared as mistress of ceremonies in conducting the Woman's Meeting of the Home Missionary Society. The first time I remember distinctly meeting her was after one of my early addresses at Saratoga, when she came forward and congratulated me cordially. I remember how encouraging to a bashful and modest young man her words were, and I adopted her on the spot as my "Mother Superior," and she was that ever after. As the years went by, we met frequently at meetings of the Iowa Association which she often attended. I learned to know her well; she improved on acquaintance. She even stood the test of two missionary campaigns, thirty days each, many of the days lengthening far into the night. She was a good companion because

a constant quantity. You always found her the same—calm, unruffled, ready. She never kept you waiting, she never disappointed you in an address, she never stole your time or that of any one else. She was a unique companion in another respect, that she always paid her own bills and paid yours, too, if you were not careful. She was a splendid traveler. She took what came without complaining, making the best of every situation, whether it was a belated train, a snow-drift, night travel, or whatever might come. One night, total depravity struck our train and we were obliged after the evening service to drive a dozen miles and wait two hours for a train, at two o'clock in the morning. But she was as gay as a lark and fresh as a daisy the next day.

But she did not always laugh. Conversation was not all jollity and fun. Much of it was upon the serious things of life. She was one of the best illustrations of the Lady Bountiful I ever knew. Intuitively she could find out some special need and would start some project to meet it. I do not know how many communion sets she purchased for the home missionary churches of Iowa.

From Miss Miriam B. Means of Boston:

It would be hard for the writer to say

whether what Mrs. Broad *was* or what she *did* has made the deepest impression upon her. The "outward vision" came to her early in life and never left her. Her heart responded instinctively to the world's needs, and she pressed forward through every open door of opportunity. She was emphatically first, last and always, what some one has called "a lifter." In conversation she possessed most winning and attractive qualities. She dwelt much in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and it pleased her to talk largely of things, not persons.

Mrs. Broad was what is characterized as a "magnetic speaker." Her voice and manner were most pleasing and she won a hearing for her message from the very start. She dealt constantly with the concrete rather than the general. She drew pen-pictures of the people with whom she sojourned. The writer will not soon forget the last address she heard Mrs. Broad make, when her hearers felt transported from the cheerful chapel in which they were sitting to one of the dark mines of the West, where the miners were toiling courageously in the bowels of the earth.

That sympathetic voice is silent now. That warm heart has ceased to beat. But countless

memories all over our land will vibrate at the name of Mrs. Caswell-Broad.

From Mrs. Phebe A. Crafts, Oberlin, Ohio:

It was while Hattie was teaching in the Model School, West Newton, where I was a pupil, during one of her visits home, that our casual acquaintance blossomed into a genuine love affair. We were together every moment that was possible, talking over all the heart-to-heart affairs that girls so much enjoy, prolonging our after school walks till the shadows deepened in the moonlight on the hard snow crust. Her heart was full of her work among the Indians. She had hoped to go to a foreign field. Turkey was calling for workers but her way had been blocked and she was greatly disappointed. Nevertheless she took up work among the Indians with enthusiasm. I visited her once on the Reservation. She was the mainstay in all religious and educational work there. The Indians had tested her courage, her common sense, her practical ability and she was never found wanting.

She came to us in Oberlin about 1898, when her enthusiastic home missionary work was at flood-tide. Her whole heart was in it, the places, the people, the programs, the special notes to be sounded—all was in God's hands

but she was his agent. This one thing I do, was her heart's cry.

From Dr. J. G. Fraser of Ohio:

It was always a pleasure and inspiration to listen to Mrs. Broad. She was easily the central figure of a missionary meeting, though never putting herself to the front. It was a wonder to see the sweet constraint by which she got people to do the things she wanted them to do, generally without asking them. She had a very simple and direct sense of the divine presence and leading. I remember one morning boarding the train at a suburban point to go out with her and Mr. Wiard. I found them in the parlor car, where she generally rode, and where she was expected to ride by the friend or friends who were meeting the expenses of her journeys. The Pullman car conductor soon appeared but declined to collect any additional seat fare from me. In the most natural and matter-of-fact way possible Mrs. Broad made some little remark indicating that the Lord had spoken to him about it. Those things never seemed like cant or otherwise than perfectly normal and healthy with her.

From Superintendent A. J. Bailey of Washington:

Our acquaintance began by correspond-

ence when I entered upon my duties as superintendent of Washington. Her letters always carried the strength of official efficiency and the charm of dignified comradeship and co-operation. It was not my privilege to be often in her company, but when with her it was not easy to realize that our acquaintance was so limited. She seemed to find no pleasure in being placed on a pedestal isolated and above others. Her superior gifts required for their satisfaction the companionship of others rather than their homage. Her life seemed to be enriched by what others could share with her. This was frequently illustrated by her thoughtfulness towards her traveling companions. Well do I remember how, when she did not need to be anxious for her own comfort, she manifested a delicate solicitude for the comfort of others on the same train. She lifted the lid of the alabaster box when any guest came into her presence.

One charm of her life was that she was so human. It may not be a story for a man to tell but I was not an intruder when I heard it. In the company, some one spoke of a certain woman as "a very plain woman, though gifted, accomplished, and a social favorite." This led Mrs. Caswell to tell something of her own experience. "When I was a girl," she said, "my

mother once told me, ' You will never be called beautiful, though I trust that many beautiful things may be said of you.' I must confess that I have never fully recovered from my own sense of loss, and my real sympathy with my mother, in what impressed me at the time as her feeling of disappointment; for I have always appreciated the common desire of women to be called beautiful."

From Mrs. Joseph Cook:

My first meeting with Mrs. Caswell-Broad was in Boston in the late seventies. We were both members of a German class and in our later busy years we often referred with surprise to the fact that we ever had leisure enough to study German. In 1895 I had the opportunity at an annual meeting of the Home Missionary Society in Saratoga to become acquainted with Mrs. Caswell's wonderful gift as a leader. The morning, given to the exploitation of woman's work, when Mrs. Caswell had prepared the program, often with a special responsive service, with speakers from the field, was considered an important part of the great annual meeting and was always largely attended.

That same summer of 1895 Mrs. Caswell—for she did not become Mrs. Caswell-Broad

until 1900—visited me at Cliff Seat. My husband had gone to Australia in May of that year in anticipation of a second trip around the world as lecturer, but in Melbourne he had the seizure which resulted in his death in 1901. Other guests at Cliff Seat at the time of Mrs. Caswell's visit were Dr. Pauline Root, who had served as medical missionary in India, and Miss Daughaday, for many years missionary in Japan. So home and foreign missions, in these distinguished representatives, spent days of happy converse in the peace and quiet of this outlying valley of the Adirondacks. Mrs. Caswell wrote in the Guest Book: "If one life shines, the next life to it must catch the light," and beside her own name she added the name given to her by the Indians among whom she had worked,—*Gowahdyahdahseh*, the meaning of which is "She pushes us."

From this year on I seldom met and rarely heard from this elect lady. After the sudden death of Mr. Broad we again came into close touch. Her health at this time was so frail that she was bereft, not only of her husband, but also of her beloved work. During these months of bereavement, threatened with total blindness and permanent invalidism, her really heroic qualities shone resplendent. Her cheerful courage never left her. Her sense of humor

helped her over many hard places. Her entire submission to God's will was apparent in the peace that possessed her soul, although she never talked much of her deep spiritual experiences. Her gratitude for the smallest favor was phenomenal. After an interview with this brave spirit one felt strengthened and elate. It is a joy to think that when she was freed from the encumbering clay:

"Life had but flung for her its portals wide,
And, death defeated, and the grave defied,
Forth on triumphant quest her soul doth wend."

A Voice from the Sea

BY ELIZA E. SIMMONS

The dim sea riseth in greeting,
It moaneth a message to me,
As its wavelets break like a heart-break—
What is thy word, O Sea?
And a far-away mist softly creeping
In the haze of the sunset glow,
Bringeth visions of angel faces,
Friends of the long ago.

And one calleth me through the twilight
With cadence so sweet and so clear,
That I list as to falling music
Tones I have longed to hear;
And a radiance breaketh about me
As if caught from the throne above,
While the years roll away forgotten,
Lost to the eye of Love.

O Friend, thou hadst no tryst with Death,
No call his shadowed vale to tread,
In rapture yielding up thy breath,
No name hast thou among the dead.

Ever thy walk was one with God,
Ever his gifts were thine to give,
Thy way the path thy Master trod,
Thy joy by his commands to live.

"Like dream of night," a sacred word,
"A strange and secret whisper" came,
The voice of thy departed Lord,
"Go teach all nations in My name.

"Give youth, give all thy heart's intent,
Seek not the goal of earthly bliss,
Strive only that life's day be spent
In toil 'for other worlds than this.'"

Responsive to the heavenly call,
Thy heart made answer true and brave,
"I go," my Lord, "I give thee all,
Thy children lost to seek and save."

Oh, holy rapture! tryst unseen
By mortal eyes, but writ above!
Oh, troth inviolate, between
God's child and his unfailing love!

No backward look, no traitor tear
Thenceforth thy dauntless soul could move,
Privation, danger, toil or fear
Served but thy stronger will to prove.

And when to erring human sight
Thy flesh grew weak the cross to bear,
Love came to make the labor light,
Thy strength to nerve, thy faith to share.

From North to South, from East to West,
Twin souls the gospel message bore,
And, joyful in your Lord's behest,
Preached the "glad news" from shore to shore.

Ye happy hearts, ye voices sweet,
 Singing your way to Heaven's gate,
Ye angels, in your joy complete,
 Still ye inspire the souls that wait.

And still ye sing his wondrous love
 Whose name the hosts of Heaven adore,
The while ye chant with saints above,
 And "crown him Lord" forevermore.

The sea moaneth gently its heart-break,
 As the listening stars grow bright,
But the glory of Heaven is about me,
 Caught from the Throne of Light.

Newport, R. I., Jan. 19, 1911.

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